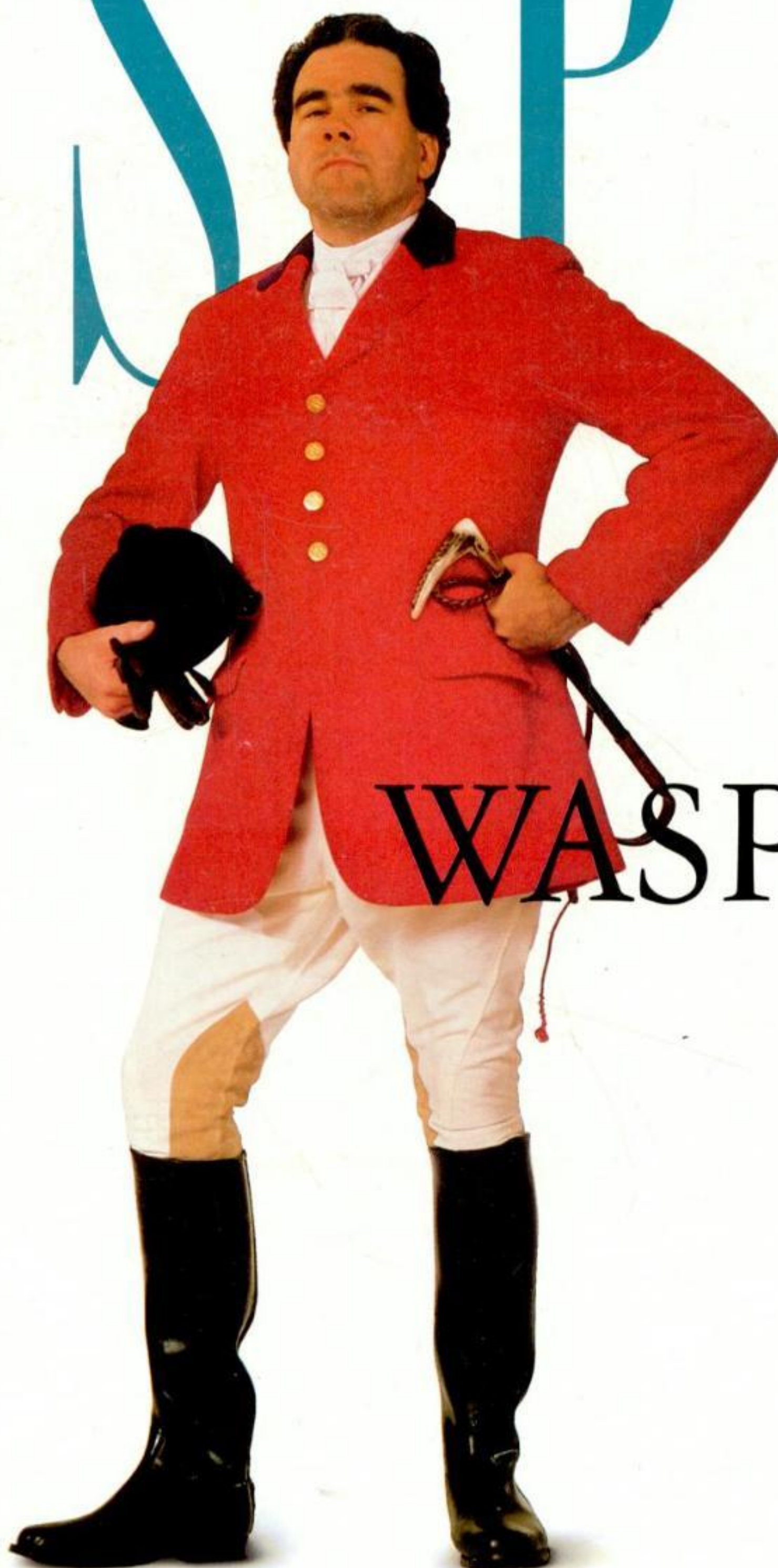


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WAS Pmania!

POP TARTS:

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IT'S OKAY

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BUSTY LIKE ME:

A True Story

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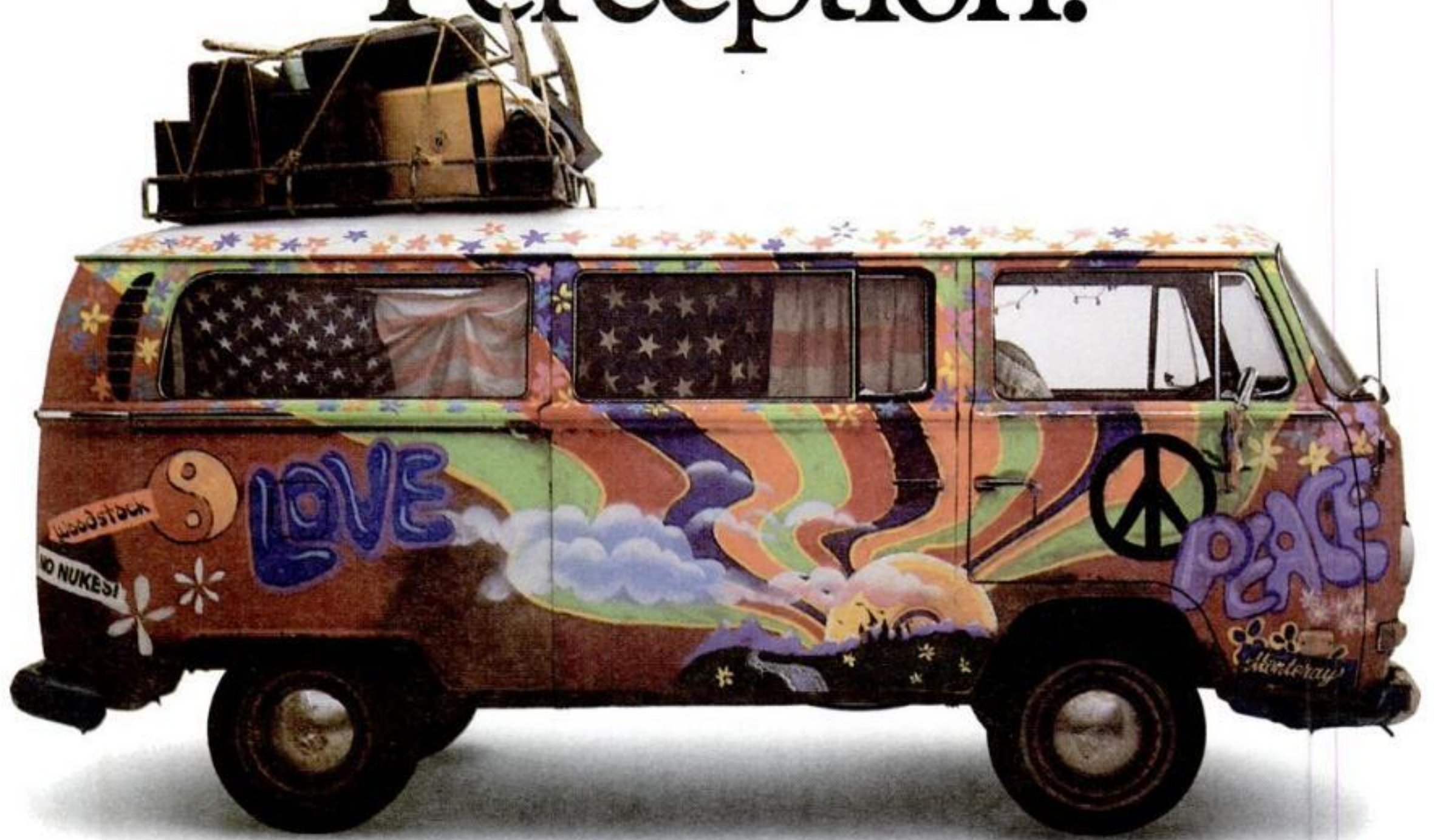
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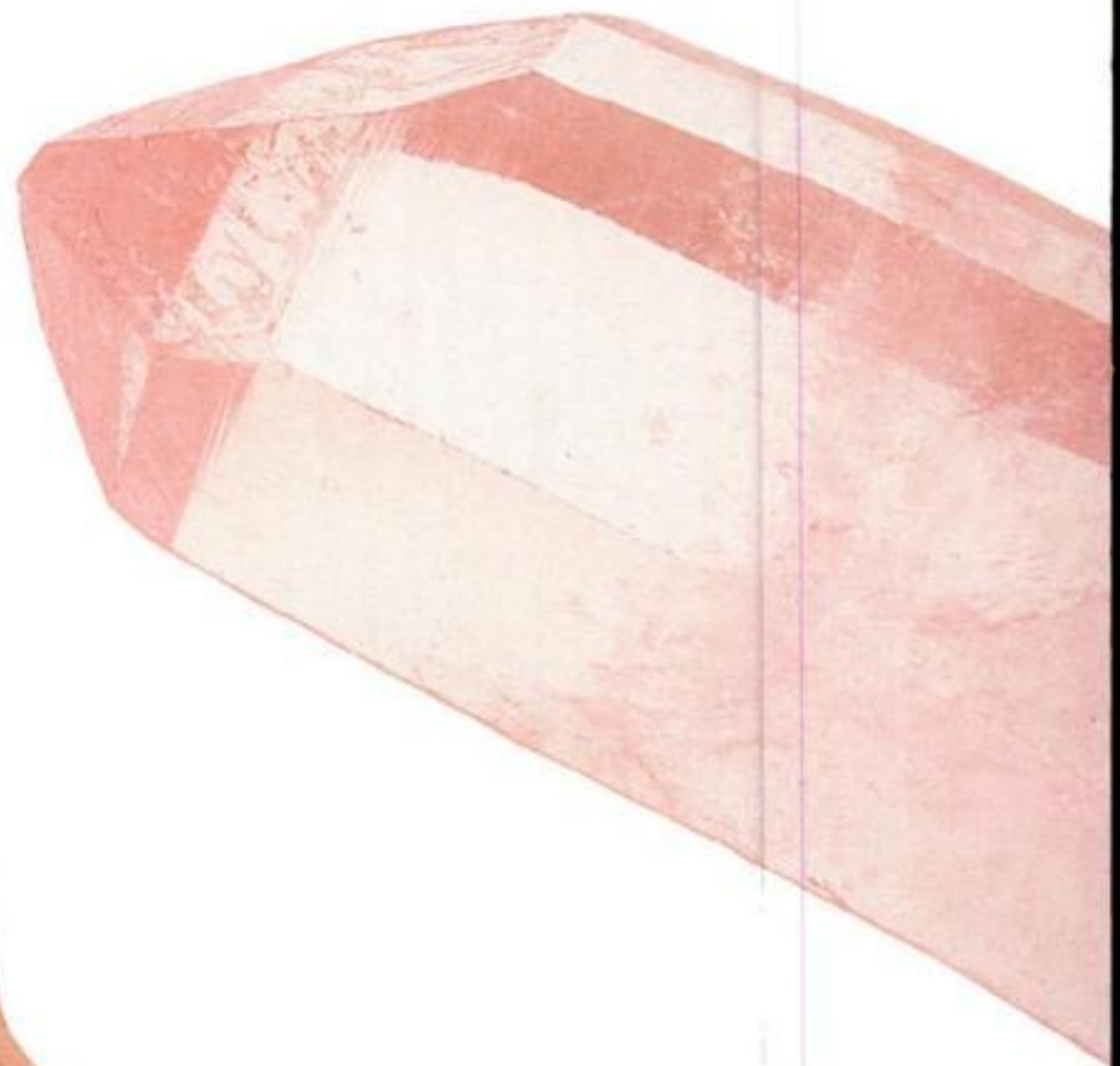
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SUMMER IN THE CITY MEANS NEVER HAVING A CHANCE TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY. ONE AFTERNOON AN ITALIAN-

American carpenter apparently fired a shot at

Queens businessman John Gotti outside Gotti's private club. Swift justice, you think? Uncannily quick justice, supersonic justice, justice a-go-go. Before the guy with the gun could even offer an excuse (*Hey, come on, wait, I was only kidding!*), a mob of men bounded out of the club, chased him, caught him, beat him up, pushed him into a sedan with dark windows and sped off. Coincidentally, 13 hours later the fellow was found with four or five .38-size bullet holes in his face, dead, in a body bag, in the basement of a sweetshop owned by Italian-Americans with Mafia connections. Neighbors described the dead man as a deeply religious loner. ☀ Out in another part of Gottiland, Brooklyn, a pair of New York's



finest pranksters got into trouble for merely *playing* with an unloaded handgun. They asked (and asked *nicely*, we'll wager) a 15-year-old robbery suspect they had arrested to aim a service revolver at one of the cops, while the other one—*Cheeeese!*—

snapped a photo. It was intended as a sort of station-house Butch-and-Sundance



joke, but the policemen were suspended from the force. (*Hey, come on, wait—we were only kidding!*) ☀ Because they are entirely free of

racial prejudice, the police have not been among the New York public employees required to study the official training manuals that declare that "in the United States at present,



only whites can be racists" and that "even if a white is totally free from all conscious racial prejudices, he remains a racist, for he receives benefits distributed by a white racist society." As SPY has previously

Summer in the city

announced, the sixties are back; any more incidents like this, though, and we're going to start having second thoughts.

The Reverend Jesse Jackson is, by all appearances, running for president once again. So, post-Hart, the *Times* asked Jackson and the rest of the several thousand earnest young contenders if presidential candidates should be questioned about adultery. The ones who answered said well, yes, maybe, under certain circumstances, possibly. Except Jackson, who alone told the *Times* no. Jackson, a deeply religious loner, was notorious among reporters for his incorrigible silly-gesture-making during the 1984 campaign.

The most pathetic of the present president's children, Michael Reagan, is selling his memoirs, in which he probably portrays himself as a deeply religious loner. He makes at least one sensational revelation (he was molested as a seven-year-old by a male camp counselor) and one really fascinating revelation: until he was ten, Michael Reagan believed that the family's black cook was his mother. What did Ronald Reagan know, and when did he

know it?

The president's friend, Major General Richard Secord, one of the Iranscam masterminds, depicted his best-known military co-conspirator as a regular hoot in the White House. "On a few occasions," Secord told the congressional committee, "I heard Oliver North in an offhand and, I think, humorous vein remark that in some conversations with the president he had mentioned that it was very ironic that some of the Ayatollah's money was being used to support the contras. Whether he actually said this to the president, or whether he was joking with me, I'm not sure." A *humorous* vein, very *ironic*, he was *joking*. Ollie has an alibi: *Hey, come on, wait, I was just kidding*.

Despite the Iranscam marvels, George Bush—whose son never believed he had a black mother—is still going through the motions of running for president. But even his campaign aides have to struggle to sound upbeat. This is the best Bush's Northeast regional coordinator can muster: "I don't find Mr. Bush to be a source of ridicule walking the streets of New Hampshire." No spontaneous jeers, no

passersby throwing rocks? All *riigghht!*

One of Bush's competitors, pucker-faced presidential candidate Al "I'm in Control Here" Haig, says that any president has a two-year "window of opportunity to make a difference," after which "the worms crawl out of the mattress." Windows, worms, beds. . . . Is Haig all right? He is, after all, a deeply religious loner. He is sounding more and more like an honorary citizen of the town of Show Low, Arizona, where 17 residents were arrested recently for selling—these are the New Sixties, remember—LSD.

Kids who drop acid are the sorts of kids who become deeply religious loners, or else become scientific researchers who grow mouse tissue cells that can live forever. That's what scientists have done at Oregon State—they've created pieces of *immortal rodents*. First patents on new animal life forms, and now this—and just as cats (56 million) were overtaking dogs (51 million) as America's most popular domestic animal. Some kind of pet Armageddon now seems horribly, tragically inevitable—perhaps even before Labor Day.

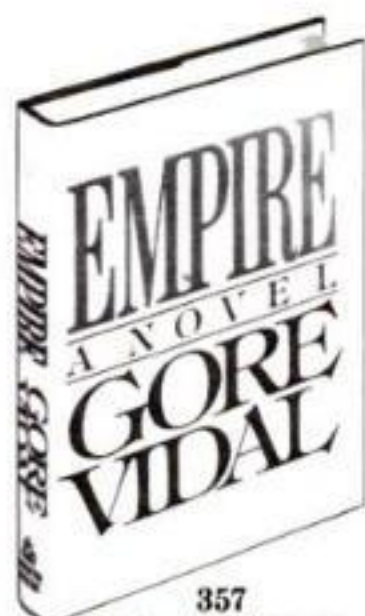
Hey, wait, we were only kidding. ☺



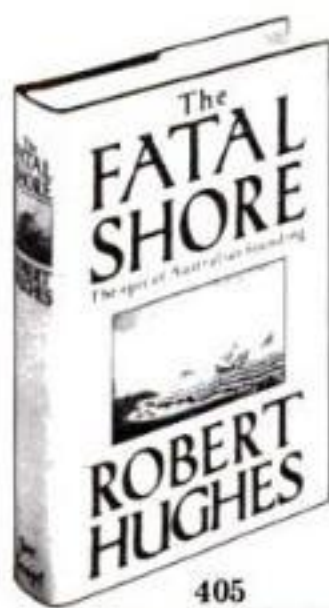
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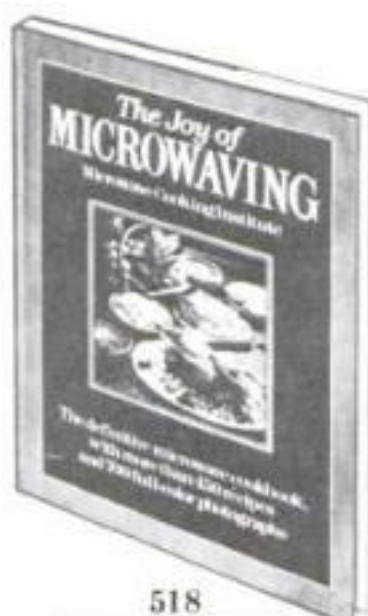
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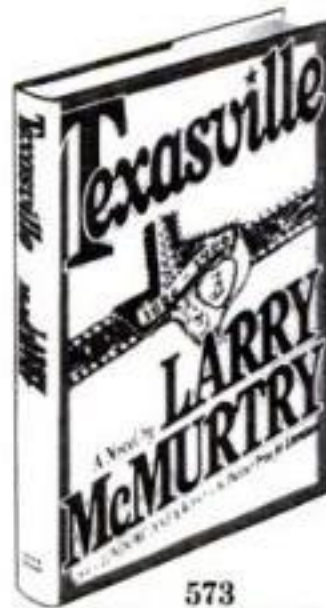
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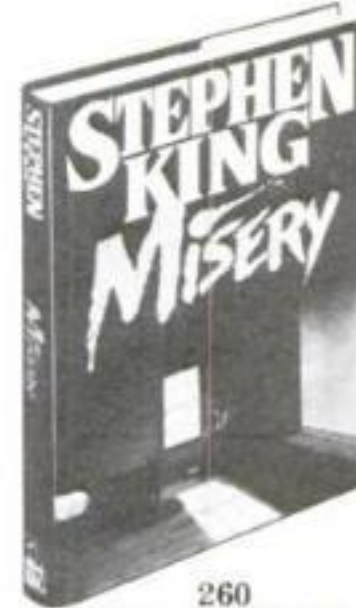
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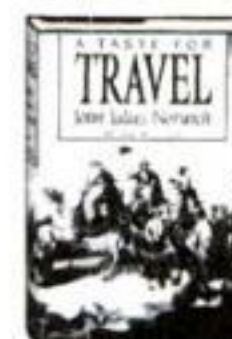
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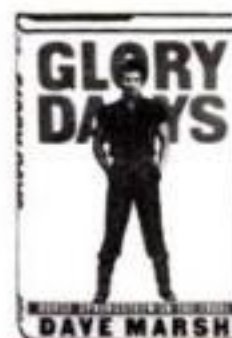
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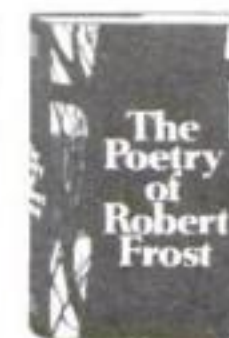
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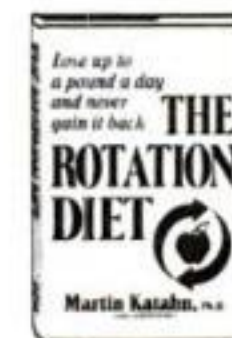
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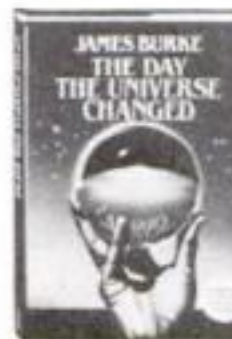
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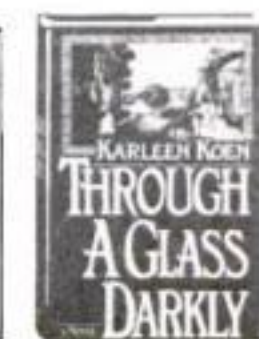
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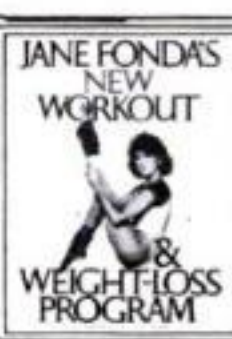
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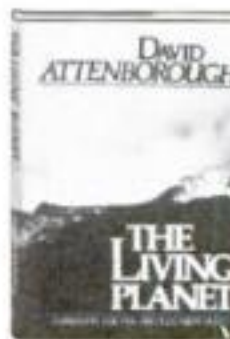
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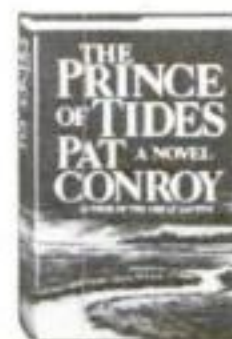
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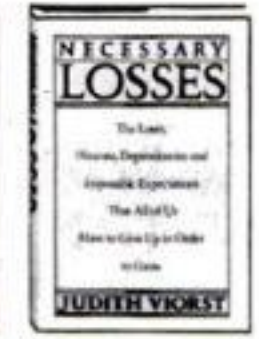
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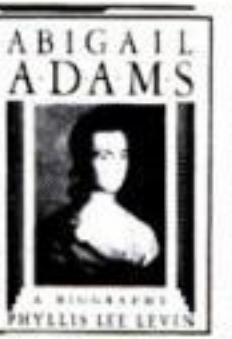
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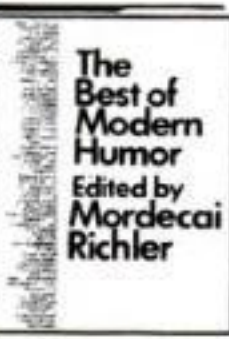
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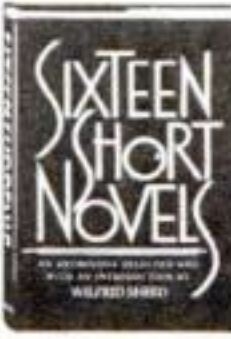
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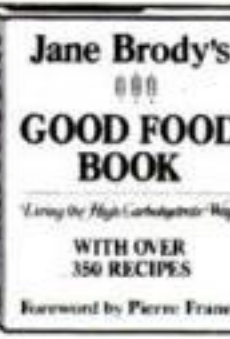
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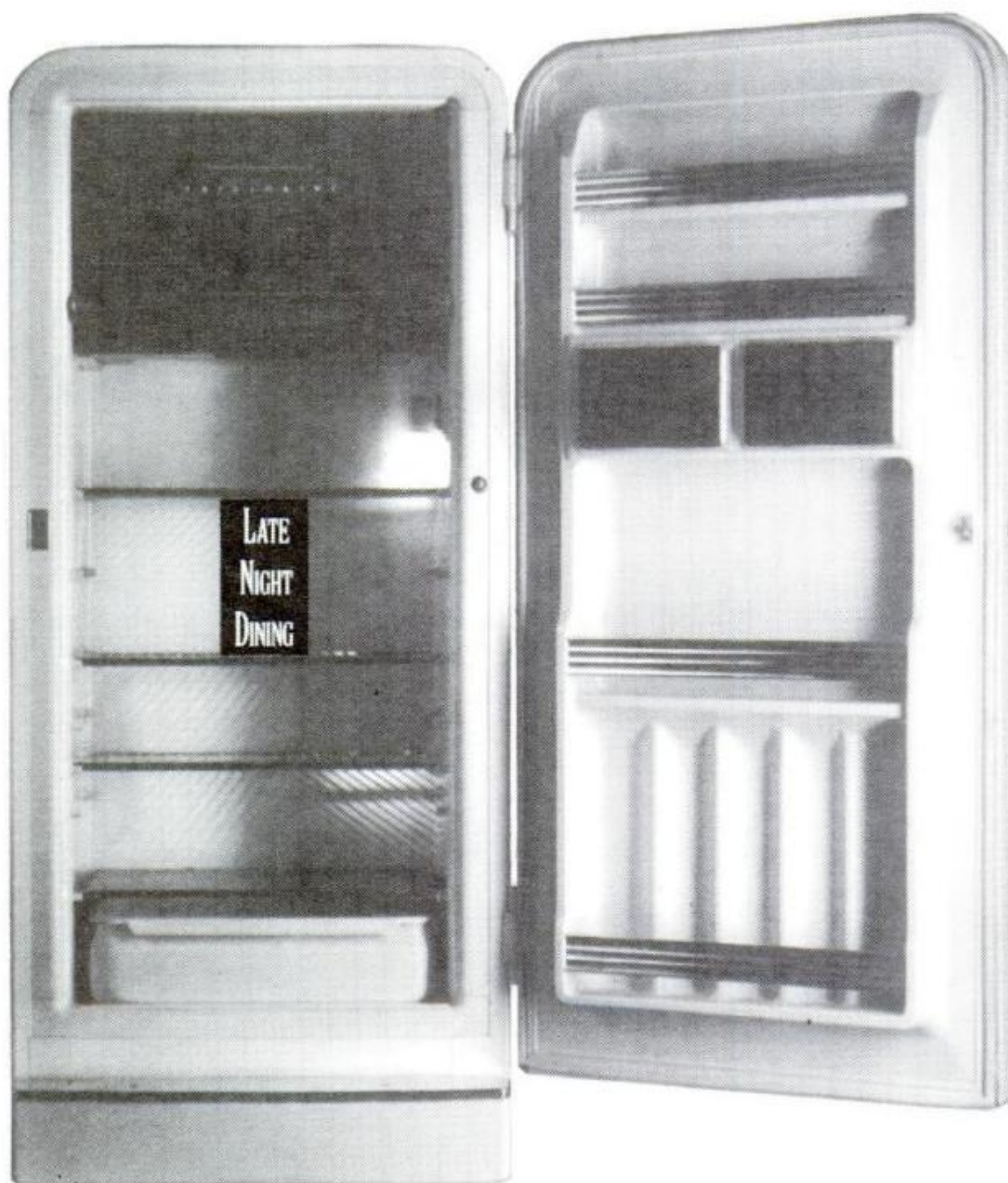
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ACROSS

- 1 Places, to lawyers
- 5 There — 26 softball fields in Central Park
- 8 Cupid
- 12 Girder shaped like a letter
- 16 Horatian creation
- 18 Dancer Alexander
- 19 Wan
- 20 Chevtotain
- 21 Like a Met production
- 23 Classic new condominium at Lincoln Center
- 25 Exclude
- 26 Bookish
- 27 Traffic-light mechanisms
- 28 No longer new
- 30 Harem
- 31 NYC. gambling initials
- 32 Obliteration
- 34 Upbeats, to Mehta
- 38 Puma
- 42 Famed Egyptian mummy
- 43 Elizabethan dramatist
- 44 Leblanc's — Lupin
- 45 Cio-Cio-san, e.g.
- 48 British sovereign: 10th C
- 49 Song for Sutherland
- 50 Scrap for Fido
- 51 Waller fillers
- 53 Zoo animal
- 54 All of 23 Across's apartments — washers and dryers
- 56 Shank
- 58 Cinch
- 59 Put on a happy face
- 60 Lincoln Center's — was 28 in 1986
- 61 Republic south of Libya
- 62 King topper
- 63 Footnote abbreviation
- 65 Pavarotti or Domingo
- 67 Writer Jon Dos —
- 69 Voracious S.A. fish
- 72 Habituate
- 73 Big Board initials
- 74 Oriental greeting
- 75 A sauna and — room are located in 23 Across
- 76 Singer-actress Elaine
- 80 Gypsy's horse
- 81 Buildings like 23 Across are called —
- 83 Fronton cheers
- 85 Alger's "— the Fiddler"
- 86 Explode
- 89 Choral response in a church service
- 91 Ezio Pinza was one
- 93 Verdi opus: 1867
- 95 Soprano Grist
- 96 Place for a chapeau
- 97 Residents of 23 Across swim — 75-foot-long indoor pool
- 98 Girl in an office pool
- 99 Exec's note
- 100 Gaelic
- 101 The famous Cafe — Artists is near 23 Across
- 102 Prop in "Hansel und Gretel"
- 103 Famous hotel chain owned and operated by the developers of the Alfred Condominiums

DOWN

- 1 Rebel in "The Emperor Jones"
- 2 Telephone co. employee
- 3 Site of famous boutiques near 23 Across
- 4 Baryshnikov and Nureyev, to balletomanes
- 5 Stimulate
- 6 Carpenter's plane
- 7 Asner and McMahon
- 8 Quick to learn
- 9 Composer Gustav —
- 10 Liquid part of fat
- 11 Ranch in Ferber's "Giant"
- 12 Kind of lamp or film
- 13 Theda of the silents
- 14 Mimic
- 15 Crooner Vallee
- 17 Town near Arnheim
- 22 Chit
- 24 Delaware Indians
- 27 Comedienne Imogene
- 29 Librarians' devices
- 30 Pierre's interjections of disgust
- 33 Fit
- 35 Ballet Russe founder
- 36 Met mezzo-soprano
- 37 Mosslike plant
- 39 Actor Richard from Philadelphia
- 40 Violinist Kavarian
- 41 Juilliard School is within easy — of 23 Across
- 45 A mild cheese
- 46 Uses a whetstone
- 47 Anecdotal compilation
- 52 Homeric poems
- 54 Detests
- 55 Deputy
- 57 Knock
- 58 Renata of the Met
- 59 Revolve, as a log
- 61 Very fine violin
- 62 Italian wine district
- 64 Ewe said it
- 66 Type of music often played at Avery Fisher Hall
- 68 Letter opener
- 70 Sherrill Milnes is one
- 71 Conductor Cooper
- 76 Game dog
- 77 Sweet — are available at Chocolates by M near 23 Across
- 78 Genus of Arctic mollusks
- 79 Certain rinses
- 82 What haste makes
- 84 Monogram of "The Ancient Mariner" poet
- 85 — Novo, capital of Dahomey
- 86 Undergrad's pad
- 87 Fencing sword
- 88 Polk had one; so did Carter
- 90 Headland
- 92 Her mate is ruff
- 93 — you know that 23 Across offers a view of Central Park?
- 94 Junior

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS



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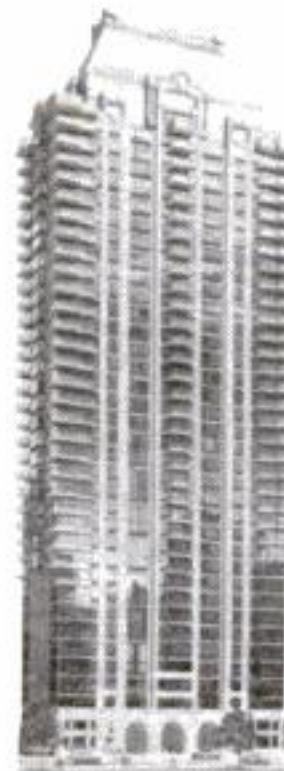
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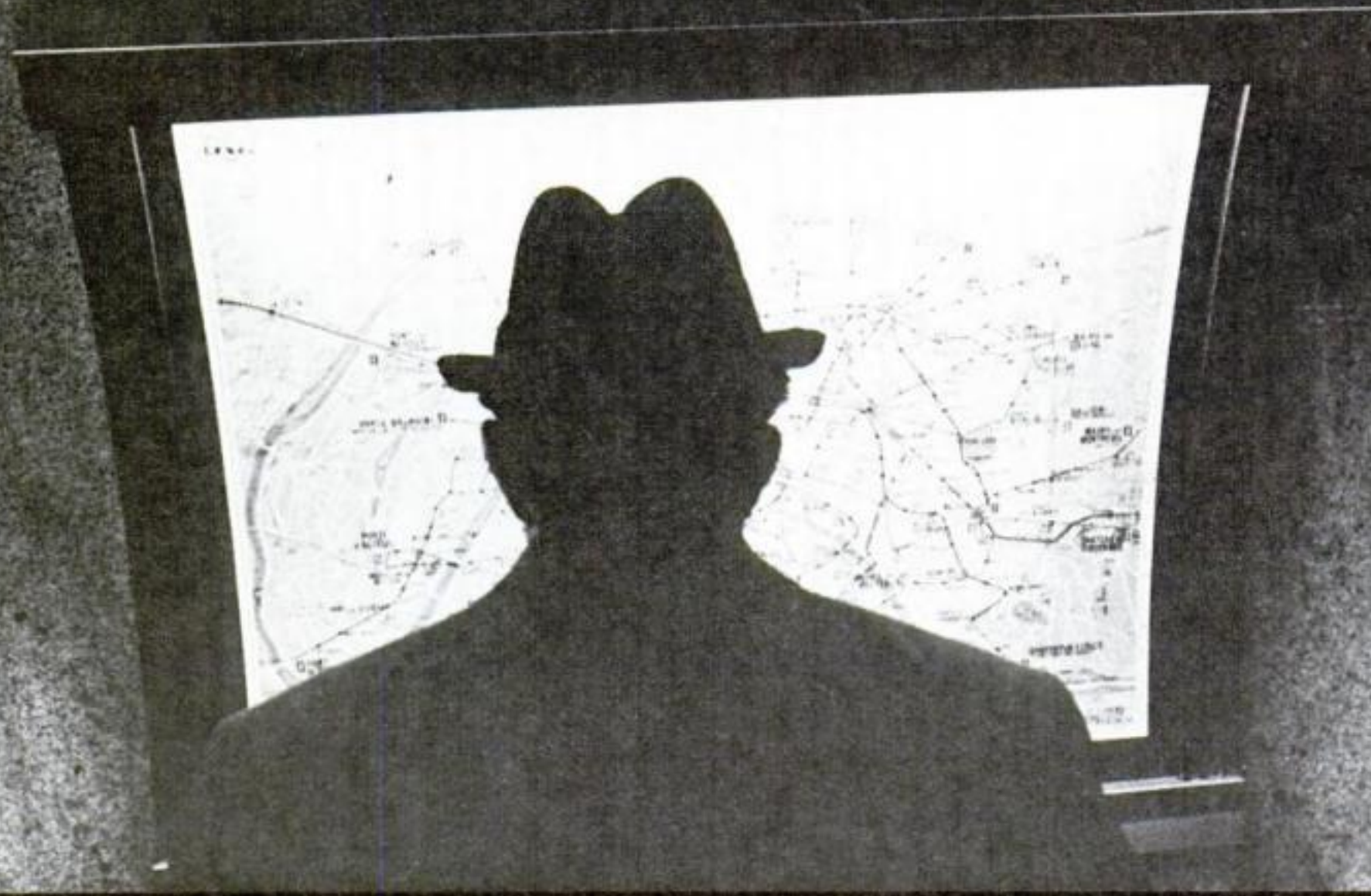
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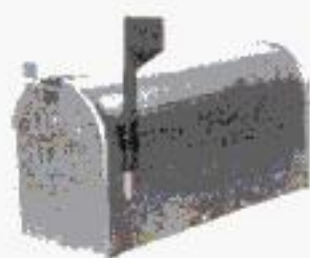
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233-0507



From the SPY mailroom: Lynn Geller, whose "Backstage Hell" appeared in May, points out that because some of the broadsides in the piece reflected the opinions and style of SPY's editors (rather than her own), her byline ("Article by . . .") would have more accurately read "Reported by." Lynn is absolutely right in this, as well as in mentioning, for instance, that the Red Hot Chili Peppers are a funk (not pop) band. So blame us, not Lynn. And while we're at it, let's add that, on reflection, we feel that the description of Dennis Miller as "arrogant [and] remarkably unfunny" probably should have read "arrogant, remarkably unfunny and incredibly (if unaccountably) popular."

Heavy fan mail anent "Colleges of the Dumb Rich" (May), especially from alumni. A "concerned citizen" (and UCLA student) can't believe we left USC off the list. An anonymous "mad as hell" Denison graduate asks, "So where did you go to school?" and then, uncannily, guesses correctly that writer Bruce Handy went to Stanford. The same (presumably) Denison graduate has written a second anonymous note suggesting that Mr. Handy "must have been dumped by a Denison campus beauty." (Bruce denies this, although he says he has been dumped by graduates of Brown, Wesleyan and, of course, Stanford.) A Gray Coleman assures us that not all white-columns-and-rolling-lawns schools are alike and good-naturedly suggests that a photograph of his alma mater, Washington and Lee, shouldn't have been included. And Nancy Weinberg of New York writes to inform us that she is "a 1981 graduate of Sweet Briar College and a Vice President at a major brokerage firm since 1985." She cites two other people who are graduates of Dumb Rich colleges (one of whom is, incredibly, a colleague of hers) and says the three of them won't be buying SPY but will be watching the stock of our "parent company." Parent company?



JOINING US LATE?

For back issues of SPY, write to us at The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Enclose \$3.50 per copy, please.

DEAR EDITORS **Q**uestions concerning the article you printed about us ["Over-the-Counter Culture," May]:

(1) Could the piece have anything to do with John Lombardi, the author, being fired from *The Soho Weekly News*?

(2) Does this mean you're not going to ask us to write for you anymore?

Cynthia Heimel,
Michael Musto
and Stephen Saban
New York

DEAR EDITORS **J**ohn Lombardi's column in your May issue ["Over-the-Counter Culture"] was right on the money.

A. Craig Copetas
London, England

DEAR EDITORS **B**ruce Handy's "Colleges of the Dumb Rich" [May] was right on the mark. In two years at Denison, I did find several sincere students, and several capable professors, but the oppressive country-club attitude and stratification more than negate these benefits.

Mr. Handy failed to mention Denison's greatest asset: school- or parent-funded trips to Turkey to film topless coeds in the name of cinema verité. Why do you think it's called Den o' Sin?

Gary McBride
Columbus, Ohio

DEAR EDITORS **L**ast month I wrote to sing your praises; this month, I'm crying foul. I'm a graduate of Bennington College (1973) who's neither rich nor dumb. Neither were most of my classmates.

You seem to equate SAT scores with intelligence, and grade grubbing with higher learning. I won't say that's dumb, but it does indicate a certain shallowness of mind. The quality of education available at Bennington has more to do with the faculty and creative community on campus than with the number of volumes in the library.

L. H. Lowe
New York

DEAR EDITORS **W**e at Hollins College were concerned about the unprofessional, poorly researched article that misrepresented some of the country's finest colleges.

Just to set the record straight: Hollins College enrolls a diversity of students, 30 percent of whom receive need-based financial aid. Hollins offers 22 majors and nationally recognized programs in creative writing and psychology. Hollins does not admit 80 percent of its applicants.

Linda L. Steele
Director of college relations
Hollins College
Roanoke, Virginia

DEAR EDITORS **A**s a 1978 graduate of Tulane—and I think I can speak on behalf of all fellow alumni—I was insulted by your inclusion of my

LETTERS TO SPY

alma mater in your article. Tulane was *only* given an honorable mention (with a total Dumb Rich Quotient score of only 17). Why should *all* Tulanians be dragged down by a few bright students? Is it our fault some people with high SATs choose to go to the best party school in the United States?

Daniel Aronstein
New York

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our article "Colleges of the Dumb Rich" missed the point when it asked when Denison students stopped beating their wives. Denison students do not have wives. They'd only make us stop drinking so much, go to class and—*gasp*—maybe even get jobs after graduation.

Kellian Robinson
Class of 1984
New York

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☺

N AKED CITY

f THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

PULITZER PRIZES: MANY ARE CALLED, FEW ARE CHOSEN

It was an inauspicious showing for the local papers in this year's Pulitzer prize competition. The *Times* won in two categories and had two more candidates in the finals. (Entrants for the journalism prizes are grouped in 14 categories; judges select three or four nominees in each category, and usually only one is awarded the prize.) The *Village Voice*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Riverdale Press* had one finalist apiece.

The prizes reflect what the judges thought. But what did the newspapers themselves think was Pulitzer-winning journalism?

The *Times* submitted 42 entries, more than any other paper in the country (the *Chicago Tribune* submitted 40, none of which won). New York *Newsday* had 33 entries, the *Daily News* and *The Wall Street Journal* had 15 each and *The Village Voice* had 12. The *Washington Post* had 24 entries, and the *Washington Post Writers Group*, a syndicate, put up 9 more. The *New York Post* had two entries, one more than *The Journal of Commerce & Commercial* and one fewer than *The Amsterdam News*, *The National Law Journal* and, for that matter, *The Wilkes-Barre Times Leader*.

(continued)

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



M. JANKLOW



M. MILKEN



S. PENN

NO ONE KNOWS how to turn mediocre sex books into cash better than literary agent **MORT "MEGA" JANKLOW**, but he seems a bit cheapish when it comes to tokens of affection. A SPY source reports that one young female friend received from Mort a tiny gold initial on a short chain—Tiffany's discreet version of the gigantic alphabet necklaces popularized by breakdancers. Feeling no sentimental attachment, the young friend promptly went to Tiffany to exchange the initial for something, well, classier. In front of her in line at the exchange counter was another woman, also returning a gold initial. Before exchanging any unwanted gift, Tiffany asks the recipient to identify the buyer. After some minutes of stuttering and hedging, young lady No. 1 whispered, "It was Mort Janklow." Unfazed, young lady No. 2 waited her turn and said, "Mine's from Mort Janklow, too. Does he buy them by the case?" The Tiffany employee didn't answer.

MAYBE IT'S SIMPLE COINCIDENCE. Or maybe it's evidence of a vast conspiracy seeking to undermine the American economic system. In New York there's **HOWIE RUBIN**, the insanely cocky young trader who just helped lose at least \$250 million for Merrill Lynch because of his bad bets on mortgage-backed securities. In Beverly Hills there's **JOSH FRIEDMAN**, a top aide to **MIKE MILKEN**, Drexel Burnham's toupee-wearing junk-bond wizard. Rubin and Friedman, let's see: both young, both speculators for big trading houses, both (like everyone else on Wall Street) curious about which of their colleagues federal prosecutors are going to probe next...and both, oddly, Wayland Warriors, members of the Wayland (Massachusetts) High School class of 1973, and close friends. After college Rubin spent several months playing blackjack in Las Vegas. When the casinos barred him as a card counter, his old chum Friedman came to the rescue, helping Rubin figure out how to card-count undetected. Once a sharpie, always a sharpie.

SEAN PENN WAS A TERRIFIC YOUNG ACTOR with a greater range than any other male star of his generation. He had a bright future, good friends, a rich life.

And then he started writing poetry. Soon he was drinking heavily, getting into public fistfights, facing assault charges, marrying Madonna.

And, sorrier still, now he's publishing his poems.

In the latest edition of *Long Shot*, a literary journal, are seven vivid examples of Penn's latest work. Among them is "Cards," which ends with "golly, / people are funny. / look at 'em— / laugh— / are you laughing?"

The opening lines of "They'll Be Impressed" are no less astonishing: "the music was rockin' / the chemicals was whizin' / the girls was pretty and / willin' to suck—."

And in "This Water's Cold," Penn explores the coldness of the water: "what is this on my chin . . . ? / it's fucking shit, man / alright / fuck this / fuck it / give me a fucking shower. / (OH FUCK THIS WATER'S COLD)."

We are sympathetic. For the young and impressionable, the impulse to write verse can be terribly seductive. Yet there is only one foolproof course of action: when the muse calls, just say no.

WHEN THE NATIONAL MEDIA DESCENDED on the **MILWAUKEE BREWERS** to cover the team's 13-game winning streak at the start of the baseball season, they never reported one of the most interesting things about the club. The *raffiné* Brewers have their own locker-room Star of the Game Award: an 18-inch rubber penis mounted on a wire clothes hanger. Journeyman outfielder **RICK MANNING** bestows the penis after each game. The trophy is ceremoniously transferred to the cubicle of that night's star, who is encouraged to use a pen to add a blue vein and his uniform number to the shaft of the marital aid. Recipients have included **JUAN NIEVES** (who pitched a no-hitter this season), **DALE SVEUM**, **ROB DEER** and **PAUL MOLITOR**. ☺

THE SPY TRIP TIP

Saddling Up in the Nutmeg State



There is a certain school of bad acting you can't see on the stages and screens of New York, not even at a Charlton Heston festival. It is a type of performance found at Renaissance Festes or Storybook Forests: out-of-work actors and stuntmen yammering away in simple playlets designed to distract a restless, motile audience. But the best place to catch this mongo theater is at a touristy Wild West Town—and gosh if there isn't a brand-new one within easy driving distance of Manhattan.

Cattletown, in Sterling, Connecticut, opened earlier this year

as a combination tourist trap—film location (it's also known as the Sterling Movie Ranch—not to be confused with the Spahn movie ranch, where the Manson family lived). Connecticut state senator Kevin Johnston was to have cut the ribbon at the opening ceremonies, but he arrived too late. Two movies have already signed up to use the facilities: the long-awaited *Silent Bullet*, by Enis Productions, and the intensely anticipated *Banjo Sam*, a Bill Larrabure project.

On a typical Cattletown day Sheriff Stevens warms up the crowd, playing Abbott

to the Town Drunk's Costello, slapping the hapless tippler silly while demonstrating to his deputy what he'll do to the bad guy once he gets ahold of him. Soon enough, the unlucky actor cast as the lead villain is trotted to the hangman. His gallows whine is the most convincing acting all day: would you trust your neck to these Connecticut cowboys? A great photo opportunity, this.

There's wildlife too. Live goats roam the muddy streets, and docile "Indians"—Chief Cracked Canoe and Snoring Skunk—keep pedestrians back from

the thundering pony express. But they couldn't prevent one lady movie producer from getting her West Coast white coat splashed with flying mud at the opening ceremonies.

Cattletown has a sort of generic slogan: "Entertainment from the 1880s for the 1980s." Better hurry: that gives you just two and a half years. —Jack Barth

Cattletown is 150 miles from Manhattan. Take I-95 North to I-395 West to Exit 88. Go east on 14A five miles, to Newport Road; turn right. Open daily from 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.

(continued)

Most of the Times's entries were submitted, appropriately enough, by executive editor Max Frankel. So, whose work does Max esteem? Whose insecurity can abate, at least for a while? Those entered were Adam Clymer, Daniel Goleman, Jane Gross, Peter Kerr, William Broad, Stuart Diamond, Robert Reinhold (in two categories), Serge Schmemmann, Leonard Silk, E. J. Dionne Jr., Alex S. Jones (who won in his category), David Sanger, Leslie H. Gelb, Alan Cowell, James LeMoyne, Francis X. Clines, William Geist, Jane Brody, Anna Quindlen, George Vecsey, Frank Rich (a finalist), John Russell, John Corry and photographers Fred Conrad, Bill Cunningham and Keith Meyers (who was nominated in two categories). Frankel also submitted the paper overall for its coverage of the Challenger accident (which won), the Iran-contra scandal, schizophrenia and Liberty Weekend.

But anybody can make nominations. Times publisher Arthur Ochs "Punch" Sulzberger put up editorial page editor Jack Rosenthal, who in turn entered editorial writer Nicholas Wade.

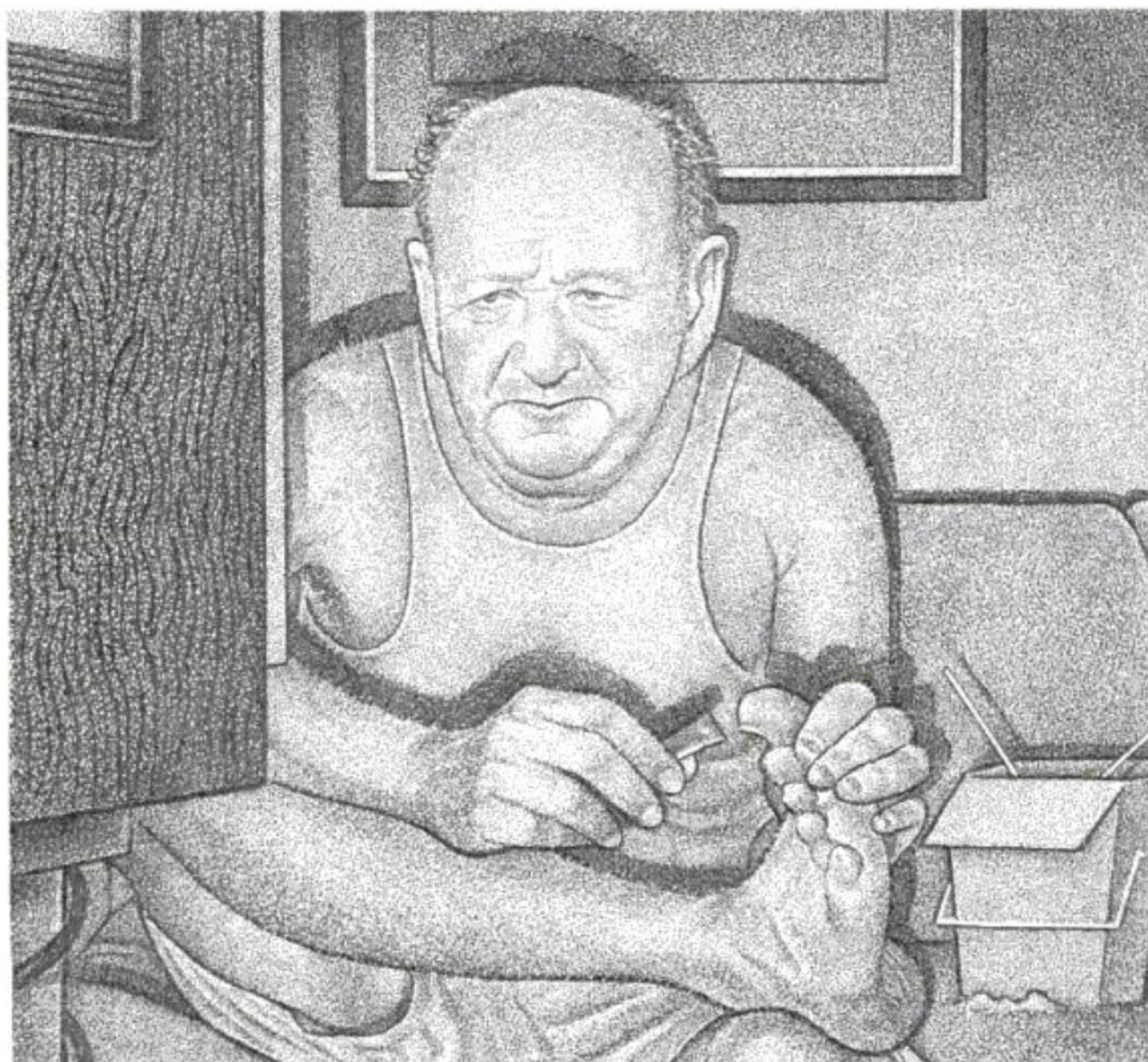
Daily News editor Gil Spencer submitted Jimmy Breslin, among others. Editorial page editor Michael Pakenham submitted Ken Auletta, Lars-Erik Nelson and, incredibly, cartoonist Paul Rigby. Critic-at-large Douglas Watt was put up by a deputy managing editor of the Sunday edition. None of them won.

David Hardy, one of the journalists from the Daily News who successfully sued the paper for racial discrimination, submitted himself in two categories.

The only person the New York Post entered was atrocious columnist Ray Kerrison. One wonders why they bothered at all. Reporter Ransdell Pierson entered himself for breaking the Leona Helmsley tax scandal.

(continued)

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



Ed Koch at his home in the heart of the greatest, most glamorous city on Earth

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

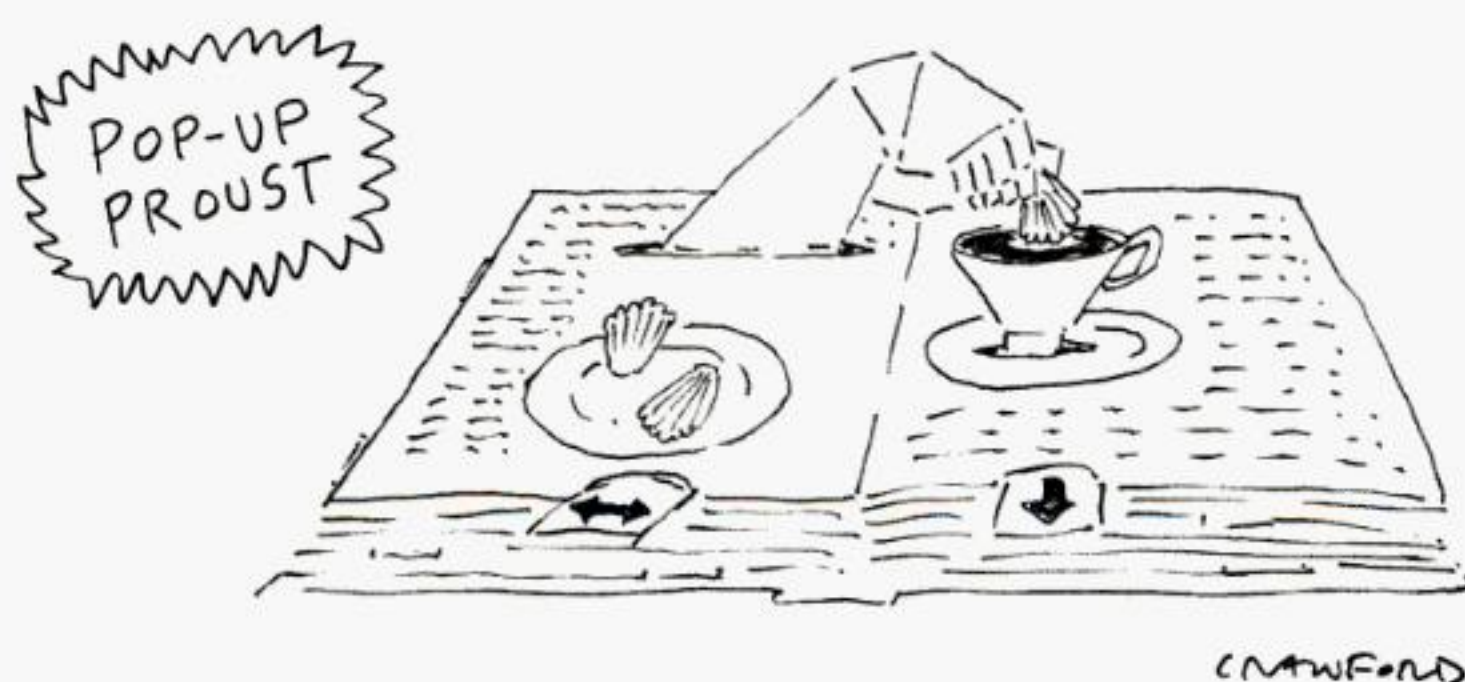
Mentioned During May

Beverly Sills	8
Elizabeth Taylor	7
Barbara Walters	7
Carnegie Deli	5
Malcolm Forbes	5
Helen Hayes	4
Annette Reed	4
Scaasi	4
Frank Sinatra	4
Carol Channing	3
Arlene Francis	3
Carly Simon	3
Les Misérables	2
SPY	2
Wally's & Joseph's	2
Tom Bosley	1
Glasnost	1
Iris Love	1

OUR MONTHLY D.C. SCORECARD

We believe that President Reagan didn't know a criminal conspiracy was brewing in the bowels of the White House and the Old Executive Office Building next door. We believe that the president didn't believe he was granting undue influence to Mike Deaver, government PR man turned private PR man. We believe that this president is not a dissembler, not a liar, not a crook. And just to show our good faith—to prove we know exactly who has been caught breaking the law and who has not—we hereby inaugurate our Reagan Administration rap sheet for 1987 and 1988.

GUILTY ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS AND ASSOCIATES	INDICTED ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS AND ASSOCIATES	UNINDICTED ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS AND ASSOCIATES
<p>Carl R. "Spitz" Channell, <i>private fundraiser (pleaded guilty)</i></p> <p>Richard R. Miller, <i>Reagan campaigner (pleaded guilty)</i></p> <p>William Casey, <i>former CIA director (dead)</i></p>	<p>Michael Deaver, <i>former White House deputy chief of staff</i></p>	<p>Elliott Abrams, <i>assistant secretary of State</i></p> <p>Robert Owen, <i>former State Department consultant</i></p> <p>Oliver L. North, <i>formerly of the National Security Council</i></p> <p>John M. Poindexter, <i>former national security adviser</i></p> <p>Robert C. "Bud" McFarlane, <i>former national security adviser</i></p> <p>Thomas Clines, <i>retired CIA official</i></p> <p>Richard V. Secord, <i>retired Air Force major general</i></p> <p>Donald T. Regan, <i>former White House chief of staff</i></p> <p>Robert M. Gates, <i>CIA deputy director</i></p> <p>Edwin Meese, <i>attorney general</i></p> <p>George Bush, <i>vice president</i></p> <p>Ronald Reagan, <i>president</i></p>



DATEBOOK:

ENCHANTING AND ALARMING EVENTS UPCOMING

July

1 Canada Day.
3 Former bad poet (and ongoing cottage industry) Jim Morrison died in 1971. *Or did he?* Like, nobody actually saw the *body* or anything, so we just don't *know*, you know?
3 "Mostly Operetta"; film festival at the Public Theater. (Through August 6.) Including *all eight* films Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald did together.

4 Independence Day. Someplace, at some point today, President Reagan will salute crisply, thereby proving he's a competent leader.
12-15 33rd Annual International Fancy Food & Confection Show; Javits Center. A trade show; screamingly delicious samples. But no Yodels?

16 Constitution fever reaches its summer high as an enthralled nation marks the 200th anniversary of the adoption of the Connecticut Compromise. SPY offices closed.

16 The summer's second Corporate Challenge race; Central Park. The boundlessly repellent New York Road Runners Club has this year imposed new qualifications for the Chief Executive Officer category

(which SPY won last year): minimum full-time employees (40) and minimum annual sales (magazines, say, must now have revenues of at least \$4.5 million). Bastards.

21 The A&S Fishing Contest begins in Prospect Park, Brooklyn; ends August 1. Some 1,500 kids and seven varieties of fish are expected to participate. The fish—but not the kids—will be weighed and tossed back into the lake.

August

5 Release date, at last, for these essential videocassettes: *Fishing for Albacore Tuna*, *Total Golf: Saving Strokes With Bruce Crampton* and Volumes 5 and 6 of *Fishing With Roland Martin*. Martin, you recall, is "the Babe Ruth of bass fishing." VHS or Beta, \$29.95.

16 Elvis Presley is dead ten years. Just think what he might have accomplished had he only lived.



20 Tofu Cook-Off; at the New York Open Center, of course. The contest will be followed by "a rousing square dance" and, for us, a debilitating migraine, in that order. ☺

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DINNER

The rib eye steak stared at me from the table. It was peppered. With yucca chips and lime mayonnaise. I sat down. Fried clams next to me. The guy kept mumbling, "Ever so sweet." His wife retorted, "Homemade cocktail sauce." So I ordered too. Some stew. Smoked black cod and shellfish stew with calamata olives and summer squash. It was a good dinner.

OUTDOOR CAFE

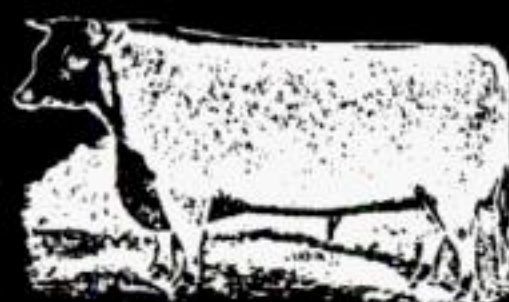
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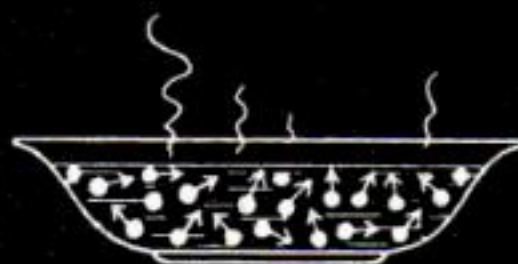
SCRUMPTIOUS



PHENOMENAL



ON THE ROCKS



DELIGHTED



SPECTATORS

f THE FINE PRINT

(continued)

The Voice put up Jack Neufeld (whose series on a man wrongly convicted of murder was one of four stories on that theme submitted for 1986), Nat Hentoff, Geoffrey Stokes, Gary Indiana, Walter Kendrick, Mark Alan Stamaty and Andrew Sarris (a finalist), among others.

New York Newsday editor Anthony Insolia nominated cartoonist M. G. Lord and gardening columnist Anne Raver as well as six other critics and columnists. Insolia did not enter TV critic Marvin Kitman. That's okay—Kitman entered himself.

USA Today had 12 entries, including an informational graphics specialist and a senior illustrator.

Of the Washington Post Writers Group's nine entries, two won—columnist Charles Krauthammer and cartoonist Berke Breathed. Another, Richard Cohen, reached the finals. Other entries included Hobart Rowen, Lou Cannon, Colman McCarthy and Tom Shales, who was entered separately by the newspaper. Among the Post's other nominees was Bob Woodward, who was a finalist. Four Post reporters—Howard Kurtz, Ed Bruske, Benjamin Weiser and George Wilson—submitted themselves.

Other self-entries included Wilbert Tatum of The Amsterdam News (three categories) and Ben Stein of the Los Angeles Herald Examiner. Ray Cromley, a self-described self-syndicated columnist, thought enough of his work last year to submit himself in five categories, all to no avail.

The Pulitzer Prize Board declined to give a prize to Jan Morris, who was entered by the San Francisco Examiner as the paper's "travel writer in residence." Tama Janowitz was nominated but did not win the prize for fiction.

LOVE WAS A MANY-SPLENORED THING

Pouring your heart out in a recording studio may seem like a good idea at the time. But what happens when the love you've so extravagantly proclaimed goes the way of eight-track tapes? Worse luck still if the song is a hit—then everyone knows. Here is a selective rundown of some pop songs and their presumed real-life romantic inspirations—a discography of desire gone awry.

SONNY AND CHER's hit "I Got You Babe" (1965) was written by Sonny Bono and recorded as a sort of reciprocal love song. Cher, who, of course, became a talented and respected actress and Jack LaLanne pitchwoman, has since been fused with Gregg Allman, Gene Simmons and Les Dudek. Sonny, having scaled all the show business heights there are, is running for mayor of Palm Springs—with new wife Mary Whitaker on his arm.



JAMES TAYLOR was painfully explicit in "There We Are" (JT, 1977) when he sang, "I love you darling/I do Carly/I do love you." Unfortunately, Carly Simon has since gone public about what an oaf Taylor was as a husband.

ERIC CLAPTON wrote "Layla" (Layla, 1970) for George Harrison's wife, Patti Boyd. Clapton patiently waited for the Harrisons to break up (as Beatles will) and then married Patti in 1979. Now they're said to be splitting up.

PAUL SIMON's autobiographical "Hearts and Bones" (Hearts and Bones, 1983) revealed how his body had "twirl[ed] . . . into one" with wife Carrie Fisher. But Paul & Carrie didn't last long—not nearly as long as Paul & Artie (11 months vs. 13 years).

BILLY JOEL's first album, Cold Spring Harbor (1972), contained the ballad "She's Got a Way." It told of the many ways his wife Elizabeth provided inspiration. A few years later Elizabeth got in the way of Joel and Christie Brinkley (his "Uptown Girl"). Apparently he no longer loved his first wife just the way she was.

ROD STEWART wrote "You're in My Heart" (Foot Loose and Fancy Free, 1977) for his then-wife, the putative actress Britt Ekland. Space limi-



tations prevent listing the couple's respective acquaintances since then.

On a rare day when RAY DAVIES, the leader of the Kinks, wasn't fighting with his brother Dave, he wrote "Heart of Gold" (State of Confusion, 1983) for soon-to-be-ex-girlfriend Chrissie Hynde. Ray claimed, winningly, that the song was actually about Princess Anne.

JOHN DENVER, usually so obscure in his visions of cosmic reality that nobody east of Boulder can understand what he's saying, was surprisingly direct in "Annie's Song" (Back Home Again, 1974). Considering Denver's incredibly giving, caring and loving personality, it was unusually fine irony when they split up.

MICK JAGGER evidently wrote the Rolling Stones' "Miss You" (Some Girls, 1978) for his estranged look-alike wife, Bianca. Jagger, it was rumored, had earlier written "Angie" (Goats Head Soup, 1973) for David Bowie's wife, Angela. When the Bowie marriage fell apart, it was Mick and David who remained friends.

CAT STEVENS recorded "Lady D'Arbanville" (Mona Bone Jakon, 1970) during the years he was seeing actress Patti D'Arbanville. D'Arbanville moved on to Don Johnson, and Stevens to religion (he changed his name to Yusef Islam in 1977, stopped recording and gave up all material possessions).

BRYAN FERRY's "Prairie Rose," on Roxy Music's Country Life album (1975), was said to be about non-drug-smuggling Texan Jerry Hall, though Hall didn't pose for a Roxy cover until the band's next LP (Siren). In any event, the model, who for a time seemed perilously close to becoming known as Jerry Ferry, left Ferry for Mick Jagger.

BOB DYLAN's "Sara" (Desire, 1975), about his then-wife, contains a bonus revelation: he'd written "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" (Blonde on Blonde, 1966) for her—not, as some had assumed, for Joan Baez. The Dylans divorced in 1977.

Toto's big hit "Rosanna" (Toto IV, 1982) was written by keyboardist DAVID PAICH, whose girlfriend at the time was actress Rosanna Arquette. Toto never quite lived up to its own ambition to be the band that changed rock 'n' roll (that, of course, turned out to be the Knack), and Paich, sans Arquette, wandered off into obscurity.

—Steven Schragis



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SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

(continued)

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. 21647

Joan Larkin v. Playboy Enterprises Inc. and Retna Ltd.

Larkin, better known as Joan Jett, is suing Playboy and Retna; her suit alleges that she was "shamed, held up to public ridicule in the community in which she lives, and was injured in her reputation." In its May 1982 issue Playboy ran a photo of a dark-haired woman sitting in a bathtub full of water. The photo was taken from above. The woman was sitting facing the camera, with her legs spread apart. She was wearing stockings, but water obscured whether she was wearing anything else. Her hands were underwater and apparently between her legs. Playboy identified the woman as Joan Jett and captioned the picture, JOAN'S TOUGH GUITAR STYLE HAS THE CRITICS RAVING. WE WANT TO KNOW WHERE SHE PUT THE RUBBER DUCKY.

(continued)



Mason Reese . . .



and Betty Friedan?



Emo Philips . . .



and Suzanne Vega?



Lieutenant General James Abrahamson . . .



and Vanessa Redgrave as Renée Richards?

OUR REGULAR WALL STREET SCORECARD

It's always a shame when a few rotten apples spoil the fun for everyone. Sadly, because of the Boesky revelations, the public believes that Wall Street is thoroughly rotten. It simply isn't so. We prepared the lists below to show that many ruthless capitalists *do* play fair. And if by some mischance a few more people should slip into the left-hand column by being indicted or charged with securities crimes, remember—an indictment doesn't necessarily mean these people are guilty. It just means the government firmly believes they are. That's all.

MAJOR FINANCIERS,
BANKERS AND
TRADERS
CHARGED WITH
SECURITIES CRIMES

MAJOR FINANCIERS,
BANKERS AND
TRADERS NOT
CHARGED WITH
SECURITIES CRIMES



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*Drexel Burnham
Lambert Inc.*

Ivan F. Boesky
Ivan F. Boesky & Co. L.P.

Robert M. Wilkis
Lazard Frères & Company

Ira B. Sokolow
Shearson Lehman Brothers

David S. Brown
Goldman, Sachs & Company

Michael Davidoff
Ivan F. Boesky & Co. L.P.

Richard B. Wigton
Kidder, Peabody & Company

Robert M. Freeman
Goldman, Sachs & Company

Timothy L. Tabor
Kidder, Peabody & Company

Martin A. Siegel
Kidder, Peabody & Company

Nahum Vaskevitch
Merrill Lynch & Co. Inc.

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Jefferies & Company

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Sam Belzberg
Asher Edelman
Robert M. Freeman
James Goldsmith
Carl Icahn
Irwin Jacobs
Fred Joseph
Carl Lindner
Lowell Milken
Michael Milken
Ronald Perelman
T. Boone Pickens
Victor Posner
Sanford Sigoloff
Saul Steinberg
Timothy L. Tabor
Richard B. Wigton

close up

Proposed Movie
of the Month

9 PM **SPY**

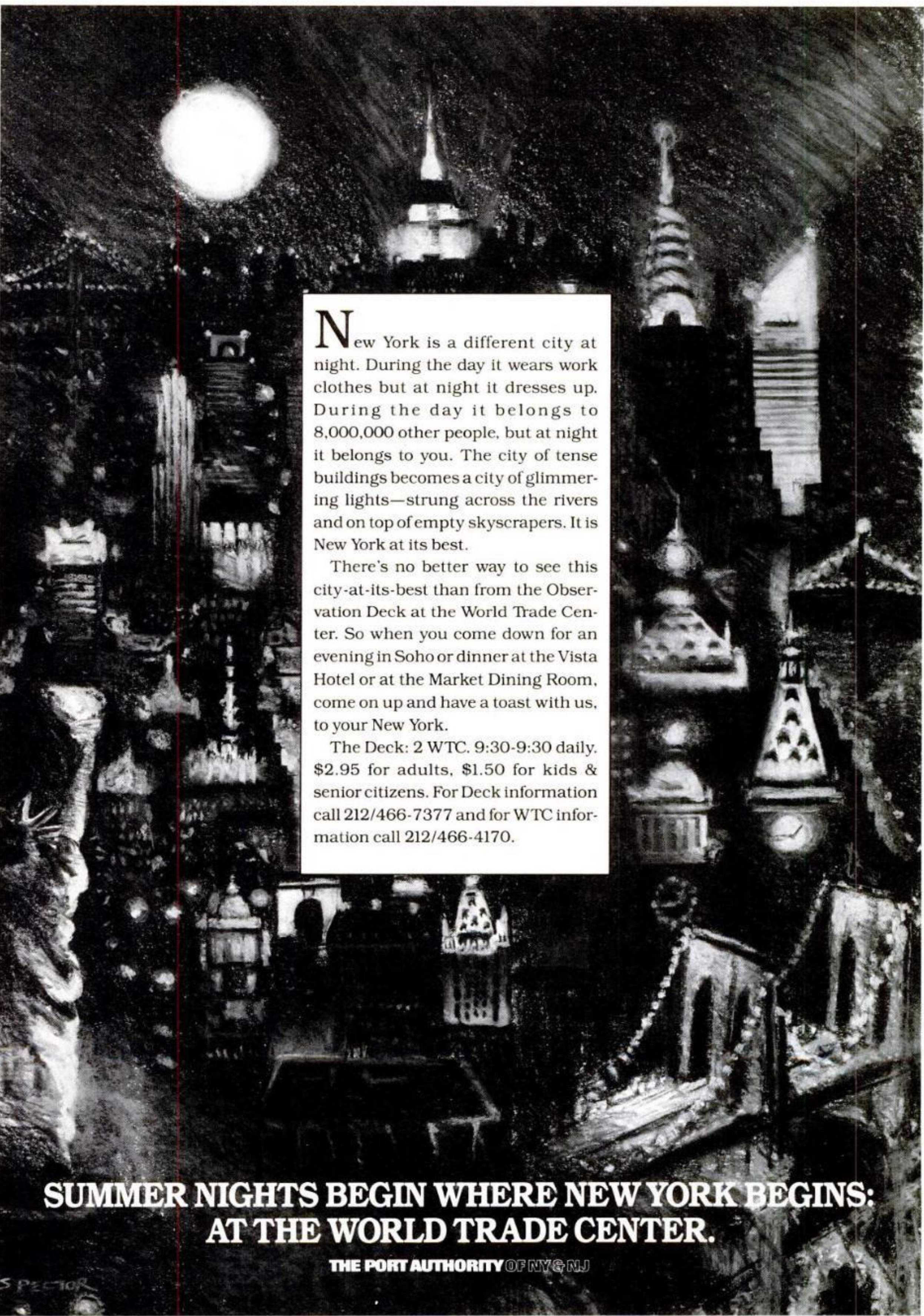
FASTBALL



He had it all: talent, youth, endorsement deals, a \$1.5 million salary, the fans' adoration and the top pitching spot on the best team in baseball. But the pressures of fame mounted and, after having spent too much of the off-season scuffling with police, Dwight Gooden fell hard . . . and our smiles turned to tears. *Cosby's* Malcolm-Jamal Warner stars as the young phenom who let drugs knock him out of the box. Sam Waterston is Dr. Allan Lanz, the physician supervising Dr. K's rehabilitation. Huckleberry Fox is Bobby, the Little Leaguer whose idol let him down—but ultimately taught him the meaning of courage. Commissioner Ueberroth: Ronny Cox. With a special appearance by Mets manager Davey Johnson. (2 hrs.)

Discussion; 60 min.
("Delicious Sex").
Discussion; 2 hrs.
Discussion; 60 min.
BASE—Magazine
Comedy
the Waters brothers is
Parker brothers come to
Jert Walden.
Dean
CK—Drama (R)
Comedy
REPORT
Magazine
Cooking
Comedy; 60 min.
touches on the fami-
the music industry.
70 min.
"Jurage."
NG (CC)—Comedy
an anniversary party for
suffers a memory loss.
Joan Rivers; 60 min.
iners of the Joan lookalike
man; cookie mogul Mrs.
Edmunds. (Live)

6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
CBS News	CBS News	Wheel of Fortune	New Mike Hammer	New Mike Hammer
CBS News	CBS News	PM Magazine		
NBC News				



New York is a different city at night. During the day it wears work clothes but at night it dresses up. During the day it belongs to 8,000,000 other people, but at night it belongs to you. The city of tense buildings becomes a city of glimmering lights—strung across the rivers and on top of empty skyscrapers. It is New York at its best.

There's no better way to see this city-at-its-best than from the Observation Deck at the World Trade Center. So when you come down for an evening in Soho or dinner at the Vista Hotel or at the Market Dining Room, come on up and have a toast with us, to your New York.

The Deck: 2 WTC. 9:30-9:30 daily. \$2.95 for adults, \$1.50 for kids & senior citizens. For Deck information call 212/466-7377 and for WTC information call 212/466-4170.

**SUMMER NIGHTS BEGIN WHERE NEW YORK BEGINS:
AT THE WORLD TRADE CENTER.**

THE PORT AUTHORITY OF NY & NJ

f THE FINE PRINT

(continued)

Unfortunately, the woman wasn't Joan Jett but another member of her former band, the Runaways. Jett says she informed Playboy of this before publication but that the magazine ran the picture anyway. Jett sued, giving lie to her big hit "Bad Reputation" (as in "I don't give a damn about my..."). In 1983 a settlement was proposed whereby Retna, the photo house that supplied Playboy, would destroy all the disputed photos and pay to have new stock photos of her taken for their files. Jett said she also wanted the negatives destroyed, but Retna said that that wasn't in its power since the negatives belonged to the photographer. There matters stood without additional discussion or litigation by Jett, and while no settlement agreement was executed, Retna and Playboy say they assumed she was satisfied. However, in September 1986 Jett reinstituted the suit through her attorney Steven Kramer. Jett's manager, Kenny Laguna, said in an affidavit that Jett's reputation has been "severely impaired" and noted that "many people in the entertainment industry still refer to the photograph when they meet the plaintiff." Playboy has responded in the words of its attorney Kenneth Norwick: "The very notion that the punk rock singer Joan Jett could have her reputation impaired by the utterly innocuous photograph that is the subject of this action is preposterous." No date has been set.

CRIME UPDATE

According to the New York Police Department, there were eight days in 1986 when no murders were committed in New York City. The dates were January 23, February 5, April 16, June 18, August 13, September 11, September 29 and October 27. Four of New York's eight homicide-free days in 1986 were Wednesdays. ☺

Wow! We Are Having Mischief Fun at Japanese Expense

Japan isn't the only place where English is modified in curious ways—witness California and New Jersey—but when it comes to sheer energy, inventiveness and delight in linguistic mutation, the Japanese are unrivaled. Artfully adapted, gorgeously perverted versions of English appear printed on everything from soda cans to political posters. Exhortations to action, declarations of ideology, strange pastoral passages—there must be some method in this madness.

The following were collected earlier this year on the streets of Tokyo:

On bumper stickers

WALTER WOLF RACING
Caution!! Right now I'm driving like a crazy
wolf

BATTLE CLUB
We're the car lovers
Wishing to go even faster and beautifully

ANGEL WILL WATCH OVER US . . .
I can see the space to live with you.
Why Not
Staff
The past above, the future below,
and the present pouring down
No answers prepared!

On shopping bags

PREPIE HOUSE
They have built up this tradition
over centuries of life

COUNTRY HOME
We cannot help having misgivings
about the future when more and more
children are going to have little or
no contact with nature

GET IT OVER
Take time to get your
thoughts into order.
Fits!
Icefire

On food and drink containers

GENTRY SOUP
Lady birds like the nettle
But I do not like the nettle
'cause the nettles
sting me bad
When I try to
catch the bug

LIVE BEER FOR LIVE PEOPLE
I FEEL COKE

On an athletic bag

NEW SPORTY LIFE
Be active, be fantastic
be vigorous, be joyful
and a fighting spirit
With Combat

On windbreakers and other jackets

GO FOR IT!
We are naughty boys and poofs,
having the best of times
from 1983 to 1986

SPORTS TEAM LASER
We make the light amplification
of stimulated emission of radiation
Since 1960

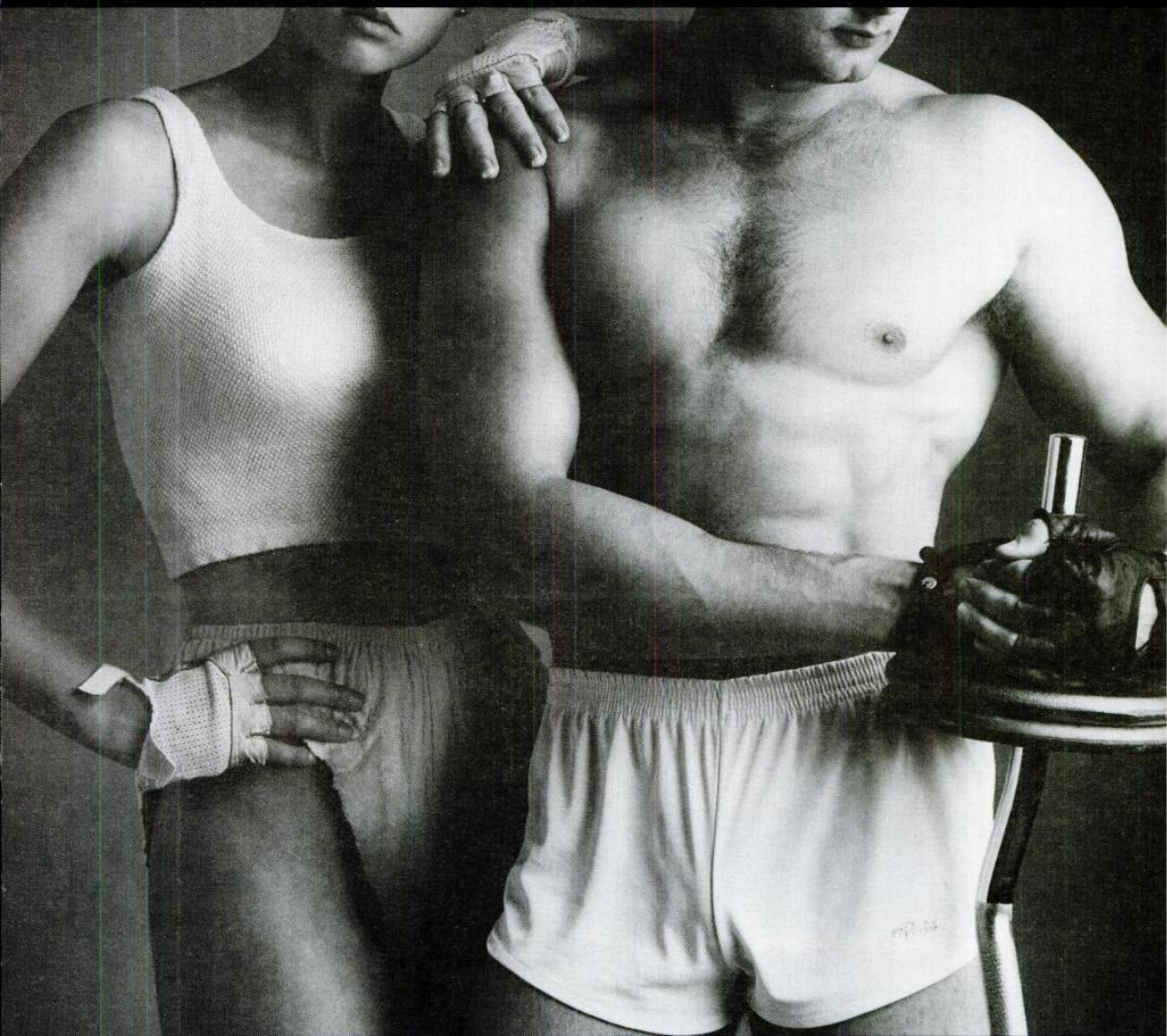
ROWDIES!
We have the Rowdie spirit,
enjoy playing tennis and challenging
exciting amusements!
Let's make a racket like hornets!

On shirts

DO! PLAY AMERICAN FOOTBOOL
SCOOP CASUAL GUARDS
Spring weather softened the corporate heart of
many an otherwise gruff employer, who
sometimes made it a practice to treat his staff to
an outing in the countryside. For a little boy,
spring was a magic time of safe adventure,
exploring with a small friend the weed-strewn
wonders of the oceanside, or daring clamber in
the branches of a tall tree with a larger friend
who would never, never let you fall.

—Bruce Irving

**WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE
WHO ARE IN THE BEST
SHAPE THEY'VE EVER BEEN IN.
BUT STILL AREN'T SATISFIED.**



MADISON AVENUE MUSCLE

THE GYM THAT PICKS UP WHERE OTHERS LEAVE OFF.

244 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. (212) 687-8196

THE TIMES



Max



Punch



Abe

TELL ME, WHERE DID WE LEAVE OFF? Oh, yes, Abe Rosenthal's continuing and vexing real estate problems. As you might recall, Abe, after much hubbub and posturing, finally established suitable quarters in the *Times's* old Washington bureau. I say *old* bureau because the *Times* plans to establish a new Washington bureau across the street sometime next year. Of course, Abe doesn't use his new office in the old bureau as it is, and when the new bureau is settled, he will surely create a fresh stink over a new office for himself there that he won't use much either.

Closer to home, after backing out of the \$2 million apartment he was going to buy in the Dakota, Abe cast his eye across the park and at a building very much in keeping with the East Side—uptown—Alice Mason crowd to which he aspires. The new apartment, sold to him by East Side—uptown realtor Alice Mason, is on East 66th Street. The apartment itself is a duplex, huge and costly (just under \$1.7 million) and just a stone's throw from the Seventh Regiment Armory, where so many charity events are held these days.

SPEAKING OF HUGE AND COSTLY, Abe's main squeeze, the bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord, finally struck paydirt with her marriage to Abe early in June. There was much jockeying in the months preceding the happy event over who would get official posts at the wedding. Max Frankel swallowed hard and threw Abe a really swell bachelor party two days before the wedding. Other candidates were Abe's boss, Punch Sulzberger; his former friend and toady, Arthur Gelb; and his current friend and

toady, Elie Wiesel. Wiesel, whose Nobel last year was due in no small part to a vocal, last-minute push by Wiesel partisans, showed just how much he wanted to be invited when he submitted Rosenthal's abominable On My Mind column, then just a couple of months old, for a Pulitzer prize. It did not, of course, win.

And speaking of Abe's awful column, didn't he write skittishly about the obligations of journalists, post-Hart, to confess their own infidelities? Abe's own nuptials may finally end *his* habit of making silly gestures to women who are not his wife. He spent nearly two decades doing this with Katherine Balfour, a statuesque actress best known for playing Ryan O'Neal's mother in *Love Story*. When his relationship with Balfour ended, Abe began making similar gestures to a Madam X, a young woman with a fondness for polyester shifts who worked in the *Times's* secretarial pool. After being at the paper for years, all of a sudden she began the kind of speedy career ascension that the *Times* is not known for. The silly gesturing between Abe and Madam X was quite open, but *Times* people were only slightly offended. They did take umbrage, however, at her showing up for work infrequently, and she was suspected by some female *Times* reporters and editors of spying on them in the john. She once reportedly issued a memo to the wives of foreign correspondents on how they should comport themselves abroad.

ENTER THE AMBITIOUS SHIRLEY LORD. After asking Barbara Walters to introduce her to Abe, she initiated a heated courtship that oozed into a full-blown romance. Once the Lord-Rosenthal docking was complete, however, there were a

couple of loose ends that needed tidying up—Abe had to separate from his long-suffering wife, Ann, and he had to do something about La X. Divorce proceedings took care of predicament No. 1. When Abe had to fly to China last fall on *Times* business, he left instructions that in his absence, Madam was to be fired. Predicament No. 2 taken care of. But Madam X was distraught over the affair, and the *Times*, terrified by the prospect of any disclosure, apparently arranged a settlement for her (depending on the source, the reported amount varies between \$350,000 and \$750,000).

With her eggplant-shaped, owl-faced, tousle-haired escort a free man, Lord used him feverishly to increase her own social prominence. She is infamous for calling up A-list socialites who buy tables at charity benefits and informing them how *much* Abe wants to go to the function and asking if they would be so *kind* as to find the pair a spot at their table.

This sort of behavior has not endeared her to Punch Sulzberger or his wife, Carol. Abe was not invited to sit at the *Times's* table at this year's Gridiron dinner. When Warren Weaver, the Washington bureau reporter in charge of doling out the tickets to the *Times's* table, found himself with two late cancellations, Abe pounced fast. Carol Sulzberger, who traditionally has thrown her own dinner in Washington for spouses and friends on the night the *Times* squad goes to the Gridiron, was damned if she was going to allow Lord to attend the Gridiron, and she saw to it that Shirley was disinvented. She did, however, escort Abe to the cocktail party given by the *Times* the evening before; the affianced couple, happy at last, stood off by themselves, in splendid isolation.

—J. J. Hunsecker

Tropical fervor and juicy fun all summer long at
Pig Latin (ig-pay atin-lay)! We're caribbean,
campy and current—a club of cantaloupes, cocktails
and comradery. Warm up on Fridays and dance
on to Saturdays. Doors open at 10pm. Pig Latin
at Scarletts. 142 Mill Road, Westhampton Beach.

516•288•9739. Be there or be are-squay.





NAKED CITY

THE NEW YORK POST IN A NUTSHELL A Monthly SPY Service Feature

Tabloid newspapers are the commodities exchanges of journalism. Instead of trading pork bellies or lard, they deal in tales of murdered coeds, escaped mental patients and monstrous landlords, hoping to get the most out of a hot news story before its value plunges. And like all commodities markets, yellow journalism can be unstable: stories that are played with front-page hysteria one day plunge to page 37 the next. On our Big Board of sensationalism, SPY's analysts will chart the ups and downs of the news (and rumors and distortions and half-truths) of the day as reported in the only newspaper as pushy and hysterical as New York itself.

—Adam Troy-Castro

THE STORIES and their symbols

	NAZIS		BRITISH FERRY SINKING
	EMBASSY SPY SCANDALS		MISC. SENSELESS TRAGEDIES
	TV EVANGELIST SCANDALS		DWIGHT GOODEN
	WARHOL HOSPITAL SCANDAL		QADDAFI
	BABY M		MISC. MANIACS
	MISC. BABY SELLING		AMY CARTER
	BUILDING COLLAPSES		MARLA HANSON
	BRIDGE COLLAPSES		TEXACO VS. PENNZOIL

APRIL

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T
FRONT-PAGE HEADLINE	m	○	○	○		†					m																		†	
FRONT-PAGE BLURB															m								†							○
BIG STORY		m					†							m															†	
BURIED STORY																														†
DEEPLY BURIED STORY	†																													
MAINLY CONFINED TO READERS' LETTERS						m		○	m						○															

The J&B Scotch Handbook: **New** York on the Spur of the Moment: **HEATWAVE**

WARNING :
*This unusually delightful
handbook, written by
Lynn Snowden, is yet
another in the series of
J&B Scotch promotional
supplements that have
appeared in SPY this year.
Parental discretion is
advised. Close cover
before striking. La vía
del tren subterráneo
es peligrosa.*

J&B ON THE ROCKS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL SELKIRK

WHEN

the whole of the city's skyline is ablaze in reflected glare; when it's so oppressively hot at midday that the asphalt in the streets turns sticky; when the city feels like one giant, inescapable gyro stand; when an 88-story building doesn't provide any shade; when you'd rather be in the office where it's cool than at home where it's not—then you know it's summer in New York.

Only a frigid, vile New York winter could make a New Yorker actually look forward to a fetid, vile New York summer. Memorial Day changes all that, of course, when the reality of three months of killing, boiler-room-like heat sinks in. From that moment on, the New Yorker wants to be anywhere but New York.

WHAT YOU WANT Like everyone else, you have a summer dream—of a second home designed by a fashionable architect: large bedrooms overlooking the ocean and the mountains and the forest, tennis courts, flower gardens, swimming pool, guest quarters, whole outbuildings filled with cases of J&B Scotch and a sunny kitchen with many expensive

LOOKING COOL

Looking Cool: George Hamilton Doesn't Hold All the Secrets Tanning Tips From the Stars

Author Nora Ephron:

"I haven't been in the sun for 20 years. When I go to one of those places where you're supposed to get a tan, I'm never sure what you're supposed to do all day."

Bob Woodward, Ex-Partner of Nora Ephron's Ex-Husband:

"I'm just trying to think which one of my friends put you up to this. . . . Oh, no—I'm not walking into this machine."

TV Creature Joe Franklin:

"The sun can be friend or enemy. The secret of my complexion, which is gorgeous for a man my age, is that I've never been in the sun in my life. I take Joan Collins's advice, which is to wear a hat outside. If that's not funny enough, make something up and I'll plug it on my show."

Art Dealer Gracie Mansion:

"If you're in the Hamptons and you want a parking space at Village Beach, you have to get there before 10:00 a.m. Remember that you don't suntan through a sunroof, and never go out in the sun if you're over 30."

Perpetually Tan Photographer Francesco Scavullo:

"I always wear a hat and use a lot of sun block. I never go to the beach between 11:00 and 2:00 unless I'm totally covered up. I wear thin white shirts and thin white cotton pants."

somehow "share" a five-bedroom house, working out a complicated schedule where you are permitted to come out every other weekend (or whenever it rains, which amounts to the same thing) and to fight about groceries, sandy towels in the bathrooms, who gets the good bedrooms, who watered down whose J&B Scotch. All this so that when people ask you what you're doing this weekend, you can say, "I'm going out to the Hamptons."

THE ALTERNATIVE: SUMMER IN THE CITY It is a well-kept secret that New York City is not the crime-ridden, teeming urban hell it is reputed to be in the summer. It's actually the same fun-filled oasis of culture that it is in the winter—only a thousand times warmer.

It is also less crowded. In a city of seven million people, you can finally be alone in the summer. You can walk through the park on a Sunday afternoon, enjoying the warm breezes, the peace and solitude, with only the sounds of some blue jays quarreling to remind you that you're not stuck in traffic on the Long Island Expressway.

Summertime is when you can finally go to a restaurant or club at night and not spend half an hour at the coat check. When it doesn't matter anymore that you don't

have heat and hot water. When you can do things on the spur of the moment without first grabbing your coat and scarf. When, after a couple or three rounds of J&B Scotch, you and a handful of friends can gather on a street corner for an evening of a cappella harmony.

KEEPING COOL

Keeping cool doesn't mean that you have to pay for the air-conditioning:

Pop into a 24-hour banking booth, put your head right over the computer and luxuriate in that cool breeze! (If a bona fide bank patron comes in, shake your head and mutter, "I wonder if this thing will ever give me my card back?")

When a subway pulls into the station, always look for cleanish looking cars with closed windows—these are the air-conditioned ones.

If you must take above-ground public transit, ride General Motors buses—they're ugly, but they're air-conditioned.

Take a break from the street heat by loitering in midtown office buildings. (If a guard looks your way, pretend to be studying the lobby directory. Or carry a clipboard and look officious.)

Stick your face into the frozen foods section of any supermarket.

For longer-term cooling, see a movie. (There are 145 movie theaters in New York.) After two hours in a dark, efficiently air-conditioned movie theater, you will actually look forward to going back outside. Until you actually do so.

BONUS KEEP-COOL TIP:

Pour a jigger of J&B Scotch into each shoe in the morning; your feet will stay chilled all day, and at night you'll have enough Scotch for a couple of nightcaps.

industrial appliances. There are only so many of these places to go around. And, unfortunately, people who don't know you already live in them.

WHAT YOU GET Like just about everyone else, you probably settle for a summer share in the Hamptons—a dream summer where you and 25 other people



J&B SOUR

HOT

SUMMERS IN THE CITY

1937—Hostess Elsa Maxwell was leading café society conga lines at El Morocco while less flamboyant New Yorkers were dragging their mattresses out onto fire escapes for cooler sleeping quarters during the heat wave of late July. HEAT WAVE HASTENED

DEATHS OF HUNDREDS, with the final tally at 2,038, reported the *Times*. Smart New Yorkers warded off heatstroke by consuming J&B Scotch and Queens borough president George Harvey broke ground for the sewer system for the 1939 World's Fair.

1957—Billy Graham ran a 66-day "crusade" in Madison Square Garden, and while *Life* magazine reported good crowds but little enthusiasm, it could have been that smart New Yorkers knew that the spacious Garden was an ideal place to beat the heat. Major John Glenn Jr. made his historic supersonic flight from Los Angeles to New York in 203 minutes, and New Yorkers were gazing skyward, as UFO-watching had become the summer's hobby. Teenagers defied the heat by dancing along to the television premiere of *American Bandstand*, and New Yorkers lined up outside air-conditioned theaters to see *Sweet Smell of Success*.

1977—The blackout that occurred during a July heat wave brought 24 HOURS OF TERROR, according to the *New York Post*. MOBS FOUND XMAS IN JULY, the paper said of the 3,400 who had been arrested for rioting and looting. Vincent Sardi kept his restaurant open and lit with candles during the siege, where savvy New Yorkers cooled off with several J&B

Scotches. When not arresting looters, the police were listening to the lyrics of Jimi Hendrix's *Purple Haze* in an attempt to find clues to the "Son of Sam" murder case. As the temperatures remained at 100 degrees, thousands of New Yorkers crowded Jones Beach and others cooled off in movie theaters, avoiding the beach after viewing *Jaws 2*, which premiered that summer. Residents of the Lower East Side frolicked through opened fire hydrants in a time-honored heat-wave tradition.

MR. COOL

What's Hot in the Summer:
the Experts Speak

What's the hottest club-disco with the best combo in town? Where can a happening dude who is very hip go to pick up beautiful babes? Where's the closest Tad's Steaks restaurant? Today's cabdriver has the answers to all these eternal questions and more. As a J&B Scotch public service, we found cabdrivers with vowels in their names and asked them, "What's hot this summer—figuratively speaking?"

"In the summer? Broadway! Between 46th and 47th! The theaters!"

—Mohammed

"Most of the time people go to the Circle Line. Or the Statue of Liberty. All the best looking people."

—Joseph Augusta

"This is my second day."

—Isaac

"That place on 14th Street—what do you call it? Palladium. Lots of customers go there."

—Jean Robert

"Forty-second Street. Times Square. Everyone likes it there."

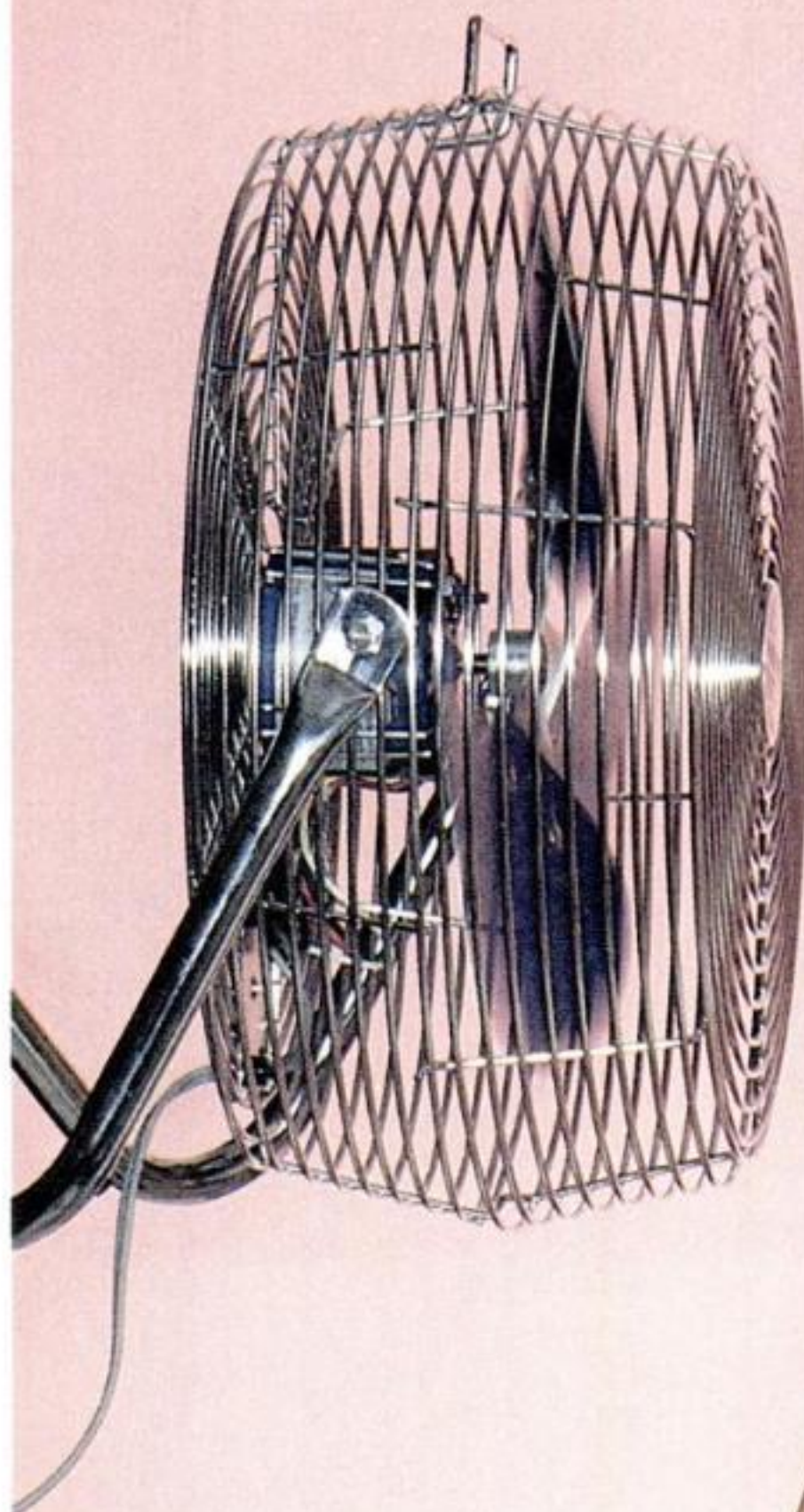
—Peter Pierore

"I have no idea. It depends. Wall Street, maybe."

—Sajid

"Most people go to these discos, know what I mean? It's hard to pinpoint a club, know what I mean? Maybe Heartbreak, there's always some kind of action there."

—John Tergesan Jr.



Special 1987 Summer Spur-of-the-Moment Mixed-Drink Menu:

A Scurvy Dog	J&B and Ocean Spray grapefruit juice
A Pink Guy	J&B and Minute Maid pink lemonade
A Scotch Achiever	J&B and iced coffee
An Eric Kaplan™	J&B and A & W root beer
A J&B Ice	Freeze J&B in an ice cube tray, then put the cubes in a blender for one minute. Serve in a paper cup.
A Fuzzy Wuzzy	J&B and lime Gatorade with a heaping tablespoon of minced cat fur

COOLERS



J&B STRAIGHT

J&B Scotch
Spur-of-the-Moment
Hotline:
925-5979

THE J & B HANDBOOK V

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NO

MEAN YOU DON'T HAVE A COUNTRY HOUSE?

THE JOYS OF FAKING OWNERSHIP

Owning a country house can be a joy, a treasure, an idyllic haven from the pressures of the city—a place for puttering, cooking, relaxing, entertaining and, of course, drinking J&B Scotch. It can also be expensive and scary (*Did you see something at the window?*), a place for dealing with cretinous local service people and cooking for impolite ravenous houseguests.

Secretly, you could probably care less about

You probably think you can't afford to fly to Paris every weekend on the Concorde, but a summer rental in the Hamptons sounds reasonable. You discover, however, that after the cost of the rental, paying someone to mow the lawn during the week, transportation back and forth every weekend, eating out in restaurants while you're there (not to mention all the Top-Siders, tennis rackets, sun block, polo shirts and Bermuda shorts you'd have to buy), the total may come out to \$12,000 or more. And out of 12 weekends, at least 4 will have dreadful weather. Flying to Paris suddenly seems like a bargain. We talked to American Corporate Travel (697-9550) and discovered that for the same money . . .

you could either get a summer rental in East Hampton, or you could...

1. escape for nine long, wonderful weekends in Jamaica, flying first class on Air Jamaica (1-800-523-5585) for \$565 round trip,
PLUS: stay at your own villa at the Plantation Inn in Ocho Rios (\$410 for three nights)
PLUS: have \$340 in spending money each weekend
2. fly business class to London on delightfully unconventional Virgin Atlantic Airways (242-1330) for \$1,063 (one way),
PLUS: stay for ten days in a suite at the Connaught Hotel in London for \$4,590
PLUS: buy 100 Cadbury's Flake bars, 50 boxes of Rowntree Fruit Gums and 50 packs of Smarties chocolate candy
PLUS: have \$600 to spend on each day of your vacation
3. spend 12 weekends at the Mayfair Regent Hotel at Park Avenue and 65th Street in New York City (288-0800). A suite for the weekend costs \$390—which includes a split of champagne, Continental breakfast and a copy of the *Sunday Times*,
PLUS: have a \$200 dinner at Le Cirque every night of your stay
PLUS: have \$210 in walking-around money each weekend
4. spend two weekends in Paris, flying there each time on the Concorde (Air France, 247-0100) for \$4,296 round trip,
PLUS: spend each weekend in a suite at the Hotel George V for \$307 a night
PLUS: have \$1,397 in spending money for each weekend
5. go to the movies 50 times, consume 50 tubs of popcorn, buy 500 Dove Bars, 700 Frozfruits, 10 cases of J&B Scotch and 3 cases of Soho Soda,
PLUS: buy 20 different pairs of Marithé & François Girbaud pre-ripped stonewashed blue jeans and 20 three-packs of white Hanes T-shirts
PLUS: buy a brand-new pair of white Keds deck shoes every day for the entire summer
AND still have approximately \$50 a day in spending money left over

The choice is yours.

The Real Cost of Fun

GOODBYE COOL WORLD

lawn-care products, growing your own tomatoes, Laura Ashley tablecloths or tongue-in-groove paneling, but you don't want to be branded a summer weekend loser. There is a solution: feigning ownership of a country house. No expense. No country insects. No Long Island Expressway.

Here are some tips on how to fake ownership of a country home in the Hamptons, enabling you to spend your summer weekends doing what you really want to do—sitting in an air-conditioned apartment watching *Mr. Ed* while you eat Häagen-Dazs straight from the carton.

1. Drive out to the Hamptons next May for pocketsful of matches from key restaurants (The American Hotel, The Palm, HSF). Keep them in your apartment, your office and about your person at all times.
2. Buy an L. L. Bean canvas boat bag, and fill it with dirty laundry, a tennis racket, a bottle of J&B Scotch and any trade paperback book edited by Gary Fisketjon. Bring the bag to work on Fridays, displaying it prominently in your office. Leave early, complaining about the traffic on the Long Island Expressway.
3. Subscribe to the *East Hampton Star*. Drop references to local events in conversation.
4. Get a friend who visits the Hamptons regularly to tell you who played in Sag Harbor's Saturday-morning quasi-celebrity softball game—major hits, bases stolen, book deals signed.
5. Complain you've only been out twice this year—you're just too busy.

TOOL KIT

Emergency Blackout Kit
Unless you work for Con Ed, chances are the next blackout will take you by surprise. (The last ones were in 1965 and 1977—which means the next one is scheduled for 1989.) You might be at home, at work or out on the street, perhaps lucky enough to be passing a closed but unguarded high-end electronics store. Be a spur-of-the-moment survivor. Prepare for that day now. Put together a blackout kit. It should include:

1. Copy of current issue of SPY
2. Mini Mag flashlight from The Sharper Image store at South Street Seaport
3. Matches, but only from chic restaurants like Cafe Luxembourg, Florent, Zig Zag and Two Eleven Restaurant
4. A Nicole Miller summer dress, to look cool in both senses of the word
5. Lots of cash
6. Canteen of Soho Soda
7. Flask of J&B Scotch
8. Two glasses
9. Schedule of Greyhound's "Lucky Streak" express bus to Atlantic City
10. Police whistle
11. Armfuls of products from the fine SPY family of advertisers



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FRESH AIR! TIMES SQUARE!
THE GREAT SUMMER DEBATE*Land spreadin' out so far and wide,
Keep Manhattan, just give me that
countryside.*

—OLIVER WENDELL DOUGLAS, 1965

*New York is where I'd rather stay,
I get allergic smelling hay.
I just adore a penthouse view—
Darling I love you, but give me Park
Avenue.*

—LISA DOUGLAS, 1965

After four J&B Scotches at Florent, you step out to gaze at the sunset across the West Side Highway. The sun, a great shimmering orange ball, is slowly insinuating its way into Hoboken. You feel good, but then you begin to think about the happy sounds of past Hamptons cookouts. You hear the sea air that once whipped your kite into a twilight sky on Georgica Pond. You smell mesquite (Or was it hickory? You're never sure) smoldering under a grill in Kent. You can almost feel the warm sand soaking up the J&B Scotch you dropped while climbing over a Nantucket dune. You ask yourself if you're happy. You wonder if you've made the right decision—staying in Manhattan for the summer. It's your choice.

COOLHAMPTON

Where Really Famous People Spend Their Summers

WESTHAMPTON

Writer Pete Hamill
Composer Marvin Hamlisch

SOUTHAMPTON

Decorator Mark Hampton
Kennedy Pat Kennedy Lawford
Painter Roy Lichtenstein
CBS chairman William Paley
Kennedy sister-in-law
Lee Radziwill
Investment banker Felix Rohatyn
Anchorman Chuck Scarborough
and socialite Anne Ford Uzielli

BRIDGEHAMPTON

Decorator Lee Bailey
Magazine designer
Walter Bernard
Author Avery Corman
TV producer Don Hewitt
Writer Wilfred Sheed
Kennedy brother-in-law Steve
Smith and Jean Kennedy
Smith

EAST HAMPTON

Editor Ben Bradlee and author
Sally Quinn
Writer Craig Claiborne
Agent Sam Cohn
Author Nora Ephron
Director Sidney Lumet
Author Peter Maas
Magazine editor Jann S. Wenner
Developer-publisher Mortimer B.
Zuckerman

SAG HARBOR

Journalist Robert Sam Anson
Author E. L. Doctorow
Editor Jason Epstein
Author Betty Friedan
Writer Jane Howard
Rhodes scholar Walter Isaacson
Book editor Alice Mayhew
Writer Richard Reeves
PR mogul John Scanlon
Editor Paul Scanlon and writer
Mary Alice Kellogg
Playwright Lanford Wilson

QUOGUE

Condé Nast editors Harry Evans
and Tina Brown
Director Bob Fosse

AMAGANSETT

Restaurateur Warner LeRoy
Producer Lorne Michaels

MONTAUX

Playwright Edward Albee
Former celebrity Dick Cavett
Condé Nast editors Arthur
Cooper and Amy Levin Cooper

WATER MILL

Cartoonist Charles Addams
Author Bruce Jay Friedman

WAINSCOTT

Author Shana Alexander
Popcorn promoter
George Plimpton

SPRINGS

Painter Willem de Kooning

BERKSHIRES

Funny SPY writer Roy Blount Jr.
Dancer Marge Champion
Writer George Gilder
Hippie Arlo Guthrie
Director Arthur Penn
Writer William L. Shirer

CONNECTICUT

Fashion designer Bill Blass
Former secretary of state
Henry Kissinger
Writer Harrison Salisbury
Author Robert Penn Warren

COOLSVILLE

	IN THE CITY	IN THE HAMPTONS
DRINK:	J&B, soda, soot	J&B, soda, sand
SHOES:	on	off
TAR:	on roof	on feet
FISHING:	for compliments	for party invites
UMBRELLA:	rain	beach
COOLER:	Ray Bans	Bartles & Jaymes
TANNED:	leather	skin
MONEY:	earned	spent
GROCERIES:	D'Agostino	Dean & Company
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES:	Fairway	roadside stands
COST:	cheap	expensive
WHERE THEY CAME FROM:	Hunts Point	Hunts Point
IN YOUR HAIR:	earphones	earwigs
TRANSPORTATION:	BMT	BMW
PEELING:	wallpaper	fruit
DAILY CONCERN:	to stay indoors	to stay outdoors
SECRET DESIRE:	to be in the Hamptons	to be in the city

NAKED CITY

AND THEY STILL HAVE THE NERVE TO CALL IT MANHATTAN

In the ongoing struggle for full female equality, no battlefield is too insignificant, no point too fine. In the 1986-87 edition of the NYNEX White Pages, even though the number of companies with female titles (Miss Beth Undergarments, Ms. Modern Creation, Mrs. J's Sacred Cow Steak House) equals the number of male counterparts (Mr. Baguette, Mister Tricot)—155 listings each, if you count all nine Mrs. Fields Cookies stores—the feminists' fight is far from over.

"Mr." and "Mister" are allowed to do whatever they want—of course—from food service (Mr. Chopsticks, Mr. Omelette, Mr. Pastry Co.) to tailoring (Mr. Bottoms, Mr. Pupi Fashion Boutique) to the wildly miscellaneous and undefined, including some areas traditionally considered feminine: Mr. Chambermaid, Mr. Diamond, Mister Ernest Handbags, Mr. Eggroll, Mr. Edwards Cuts-R-Us-Nails-R-Us, Mr. Rice Kitchen, Mr. Steam.

Sadly, women seem stuck in a sexist rut, espe-

cially those in the "Mrs." category (only 21 listings, including four hand laundries): Mrs. Eggs, Mrs. Lee and Shabu Shabu Wok, Mrs. Role's Adoree Laundry, Mrs. Shum Employment Agency and Mrs. Weinberg's Chopped Liver. Absolutely appalling. The "Ms." category, with 33 slightly kickier listings, offers some hope: Ms. Behave, Ms. Dialogue, Ms. Interpret, Ms. Juices and Ms. Tique. But the door slams shut again in the "Miss" category: many of the 101 companies have unmodified women's names (Miss Clarice, Miss Jamie, Miss Sherry) and their businesses must be so feminine as to defy further explication, and the rest are girlish and backward enough to call forth visions of women scurrying to have their lower ribs removed and their feet bound—Miss Center Stage, Miss Elegant [*sic*], Miss Fashionality, Miss Liberty Pageant, Miss Pert Lingerie, Miss Quality, Miss Sherbet, Miss Swank, Miss Sweetie and Miss Tippy Hosiery.

—Johanna Schneller

OKAY—NOW,
WHO'S GOING TO
TELL HIM?

Don't call us fogies (and say not a word about the bell-bottoms in our closet), but we happen to love the "Delilah"- and "It's Not Unusual"-era Tom Jones. Now comes the distressing news from England that the 47-year-old Welshman hunk is updating his act. New songs in his set include Prince's "Kiss," Wang Chung's "Everybody Have Fun Tonight," Air Supply's "The Power of Love," Paul Simon's "You Can Call Me Al" and—now?—the Sam and Dave chestnut "Soul Man." Jones reportedly has promised to retire when he feels he looks ridiculous. ☹

JAMAICA

Hurtle through a wall of warm air.

Swoop and soar above the turquoise sea.

And laugh aloud with the sheer joy of it.

Come Back To Excitement.

BATTLE OF THE SCANDAL SWEETHEARTS

By Jay Martel

**DONNA
RICE**



**FAWN
HALL**



**JESSICA
HAHN**



Height	5'6"	5'9"	5'4"
Weight	105	118	116
Reach (est.)	27"	28"	25"
Age	29	27	27
Job	Drug saleswoman/actress	NSC secretary	Church secretary
Side activity	Swimsuit model	Swimsuit model	Tool of Satan
Degrading past occupation	Posing seminude, draped with a Confederate flag, to advertise a Miami saloon	Contra girlfriend	Baby-sitter
Youth affiliation	Girl Scout	Girl Scout	Gospel fox
Major hairstyle influence	Susan Dey (in her <i>Partridge Family</i> days)	Farrah Fawcett	Farrah Fawcett
On fame	"When I'm famous, you can sell these pictures for a lot of money" (to a photographer, 1981)	"Andy Warhol said everyone will be famous for 15 minutes—I kind of feel like that right now" (to reporters, 1987)	"Why on God's earth would I want that story in the paper?" (to reporters, 1987)
When to expect a photo spread in <i>Playboy</i>	Soon, perhaps; definitely considering it	Refuses to consider offers until the hearings are over	Wasn't asked
Offense	Spending weekends with Gary Hart	Shredding documents for Ollie North	Shedding clothes for Jim Bakker
When	After meeting the former senator at Don Henley's Rocky Mountain retreat	After being convinced it was in the interest of national security	After being drugged with holy wine and forced to give Bakker a back rub
Predecessor	Marilyn Youngbird, a Native American spiritualist	Rose Mary Woods	Various prostitutes and homosexuals, allegedly
Scene of the crime	A boat called <i>Monkey Business</i> , Bimini	Old Executive Office Building, Washington, D.C.	Sheraton Sand Key Hotel, Florida
"Pimp"	William "Mr. Deep Pockets" Broadhurst, rich, bald Washington lawyer who wanted to get in good with Hart	Ollie North, fanatical young Marine who once protected Fawn's relationship with Arturo Cruz Jr. to get in good with the contra chief	John Wesley Fletcher, Assemblies of God minister who wanted to get in good with Bakker
What it was, where it went	"It [the scandal] sure took my campaign debt off the front page" (Gary Hart)	"I don't know where it [the money from Iranian arms sales] went" (Ollie North)	"She certainly seemed to know where it [sinful mortal flesh] all went" (Jim Bakker)
What she got	Free trip to Bimini	Knowledge that she did her job	\$115,000
Best love souvenir	Novel by Hart inscribed THIS IN LIEU OF FLOWERS UNTIL WE MEET. LOVE, GARY	Immunity from prosecution	Bottle of Vaseline Intensive Care lotion she used for foreplay rubdown
What she lost	A potential friend in the White House	A potential friend in the White House	A potential friend with a white house in Palm Springs
Result of brouhaha	Hart withdraws from race in disgrace, blames press	North is fired from NSC post in disgrace, blames liberals	Bakker resigns PTL post in disgrace, blames Devil
Excuse offered	"She had offered to be helpful in fundraising" (Hart)	"She only did her job" (North)	"Tammy is very big" (Bakker) ☹

Tuesday Nights, Weather Forecast: Clear and mild, high in mid 70's



Party in the Tunnel, Free on Tuesday Nights

Complimentary admission for you and unlimited guests 6:00 to 8:00 pm. \$6.00 per person after 8:00 pm. Mention Spy to doorman or call in advance: 212.529.6324. Regular admission is \$12.00 per person. 21 and over/proper ID required.

Tunnel 220 12th Ave at 27th Street, NYC

DEAD & FAMOUS:

WHERE THE GRIM REAPER HAS WALKED IN NEW YORK

BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI ♦ ILLUSTRATION BY GAHAN WILSON

• Composer **STEPHEN FOSTER** was living at the 1828 New England Hotel, 15 Bowery, at Bayard Street, in 1864 when he fell and smashed his face on his washbowl, gashing his neck. He died soon after at Bellevue Hospital, First Avenue and 27th Street. He was 38.

• Humorist **S. J. PERELMAN** died at the Gramercy Park Hotel, 52 Gramercy Park North, on October 17, 1979.

• **SAMUEL F.B. MORSE**, painter and inventor of the telegraph, died in his home at 5 West 22nd Street on April 2, 1872.

• **EDWIN BOOTH**, actor and assassin's brother, died on June 7, 1893, at the age of 60, in his apartment at the Players club, 16 Gramercy Park South.

• Power broker **WILLIAM MARCY TWEED**, who was the Boss before Springsteen, died in the Ludlow Street jail, near what is now 350 Grand Street, on April 12, 1878.

• Punk rocker **SID VICIOUS** overdosed at a party at 63 Bank Street on February 2, 1979.

• Writer **JAMES AGE** had a heart attack and died in a taxi en route from his home at 17 King Street to a doctor's office on May 16, 1955.

• Early Manhattan celebrity **PETER STUYVESANT** died in February 1672 at what is now the intersection of Stuyvesant Street and East 10th Street.

• After lunching with Andrés Segovia, impresario **SOL HUROK** died on March 5, 1974, on the seventeenth floor of 1 New York Plaza, in the offices of the Chase Manhattan Bank, where he'd gone to meet with David Rockefeller.

• **ROBERT FULTON**, inventor of the steamship, died on February 24, 1815, at the age of 50, in his home at 1 State Street.

• **THOMAS PAINE** died on June 8, 1809, at 59 Grove Street, the present site of Marie's Crisis cafe.

• Actor **JOHN GARFIELD** died of a heart ailment at 3 Gramercy Park, the home of his friend Iris Whitney, on May 21, 1952.

• Architect **STANFORD WHITE** was shot to death by Harry K. Thaw in 1906 on the roof garden of one of his creations, the second Madison Square Garden, Madison Avenue and 26th Street. White had carried on an affair with Thaw's wife, Evelyn Nesbit.

• **HERMAN MELVILLE** died on September 28, 1891, in his home at 104 East 26th Street.

• **PETER COOPER**, inventor and philanthropist, died at the home of his son-in-law at 9 Lexington Avenue on April 4, 1883.

• Poet **MARIANNE MOORE** died on February 5, 1972, in her home at 35 West 9th Street, at the age of 84.

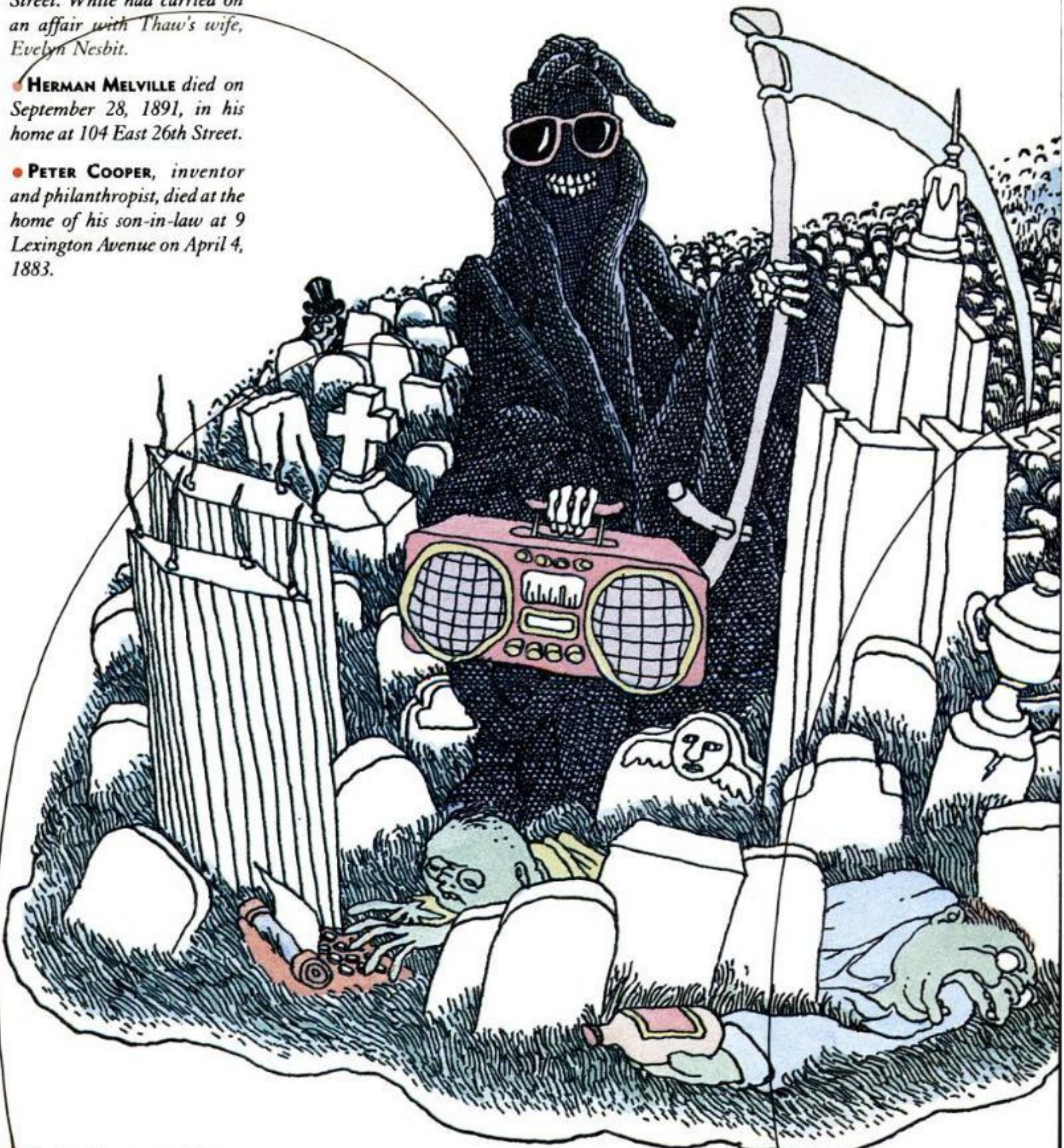
• **JAMES MONROE**, the third of five presidents to die on the Fourth of July, succumbed at the home of his daughter and son-in-law at Lafayette and Prince Streets in 1831.

• Boxer **JACK DEMPSEY** died at the age of 87 on May 31, 1983, in his apartment at 211 East 53rd Street.

• Robber baron **JAY GOULD** died on December 2, 1892, in his mansion at 579 Fifth Avenue, on the corner of 47th Street.

• Patriot **NATHAN HALE**, who regretted that he had but one life to lose for his country, lost it in an orchard on the Beekman estate, near what is now 45th Street and First Avenue, on September 22, 1776.

• **DONNY HATHAWAY**, who sang duets with Roberta Flack, jumped from his room on the fifteenth floor of the Essex House, 160 Central Park South, on January 14, 1979. He was 33.



● **BASIL RATHBONE** died at 135 Central Park West on July 21, 1967, of a heart attack.

● Playwright **BEN HECHT** died in his home at 39 West 67th Street on April 18, 1964, at the age of 70.

● On September 12, 1977, the driver of a taxi bringing **ROBERT LOWELL** into Manhattan from JFK airport noticed at West 67th Street that the poet had slumped over in the backseat. The driver took Lowell to Roosevelt Hospital, 428 West 59th Street, where he was pronounced dead.

● **HARRY CROSBY**, publisher of Paris's *Black Sun* Press, murdered a woman companion and then committed suicide at the Hotel des Artistes, 1 West 67th Street, in 1929.

● Historian **HANNAH ARENDT** died on December 4, 1975, at 370 Riverside Drive.

● Financier-philanthropist **BERNARD BARUCH** died at the age of 94 on June 20, 1965, in his apartment at 4 East 66th Street, of a heart attack.

● Screenwriter **PADDY CHAYEFSKY** (who wrote the movie *The Hospital*) died at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, 622 West 168th Street, on August 1, 1981, at the age of 58.

● Literary critic **LIONEL TRILLING** died of cancer in his home at 35 Claremont Avenue on November 6, 1975, at the age of 70.

● **MALCOLM X** was assassinated at the Audubon Ballroom, West 166th Street between Broadway and St. Nicholas Avenue, on February 21, 1965.

● **O. HENRY** (William Sidney Porter) died at Polyclinic Hospital, 345 West 50th Street, on June 5th, 1910.

● Mario Cuomo's favorite philosopher, **PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN**, dropped dead while visiting friends at 39 East 72nd Street in 1955.

● **IGOR STRAVINSKY** died on April 6, 1971, at the age of 88, at his newly purchased apartment at 920 Fifth Avenue. His last words were "How lovely. This belongs to me. This is my home."

● Columnist **DAMON RUNYON** died of throat cancer at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, 1275 York Avenue, on December 10, 1946.

● Financier and ladies' man **SERGE RUBINSTEIN** was strangled with a curtain cord in the bedroom of his mansion at 814 Fifth Avenue, at 62nd Street, on January 27, 1955. He was 46.

● Artist **MARK ROTHKO** slashed his wrists in his studio at 157 East 69th Street, at the age of 67, on February 27, 1970.

● **ELEANOR ROOSEVELT** died on November 7, 1962, in her apartment at 55 East 74th Street, at the age of 78.

● Actress **JOAN CRAWFORD** died of a heart attack in her home at 158 East 68th Street on May 10, 1977. ☹

● Actor **FRANCHOT TONE** died at 158 East 62nd Street of lung cancer on September 18, 1968.

● Illustrator **JOHN JAMES AUDUBON** died at his home, at what is now 156th Street and Riverside Drive, on January 27, 1851.

● Novelist **WILLA CATHER** died of a cerebral hemorrhage on April 24, 1947, in her apartment at 570 Park Avenue.

● Humorist **DOROTHY PARKER** died in her room at the Volney Hotel, 23 East 74th Street, on June 7, 1967.

● **GEORGE S. KAUFMAN**, playwright, director and correspondent in the actress Mary Astor's divorce suit, died of a heart attack on June 2, 1961, at his apartment at 1035 Park Avenue, at the age of 71.

● Actor **MONTGOMERY CLIFT** died of a heart ailment on July 23, 1966, in his home at 217 East 61st Street.

● Writer **EDNA FERBER** died in her apartment at 730 Park Avenue on April 16, 1968, at the age of 82.

● **SCOTT JOPLIN**, the muse of Marvin Hamlisch, died on April 11, 1917, at the 1863 Manhattan State Hospital (now Manhattan Psychiatric Center) on Ward's Island.

● Yankee Doodle Dandy **GEORGE M. COHAN** died on November 5, 1942, at the age of 64, of a serious intestinal ailment in his apartment at 993 Fifth Avenue.

● Jazz saxophonist **CHARLIE "BIRD" PARKER** collapsed and died while watching TV at the apartment of Baroness de Koeningswarter in the Stanhope, 995 Fifth Avenue, on March 12, 1955.

● **BILLIE HOLIDAY**, with whom Diana Ross has nothing in common, died at Metropolitan Hospital, 1901 First Avenue, on July 17, 1959, at the age of 44.

● Composer **CHARLES IVES** died in his home at 164 East 74th Street on May 18, 1954, at the age of 80.

● Pundit **WALTER LIPPMANN** died on December 14, 1974, at a private nursing home at 755 Park Avenue.

● **STEPHEN VINCENT BENET**, eulogized by the Times as "one of America's youngest and most brilliant men of letters," died at the age of 44 of a heart attack in his apartment at 215 East 68th Street on March 13, 1943.

● Actor **GIG YOUNG** murdered his wife and then committed suicide on October 19, 1978, at the Osborne, 205 West 57th Street.

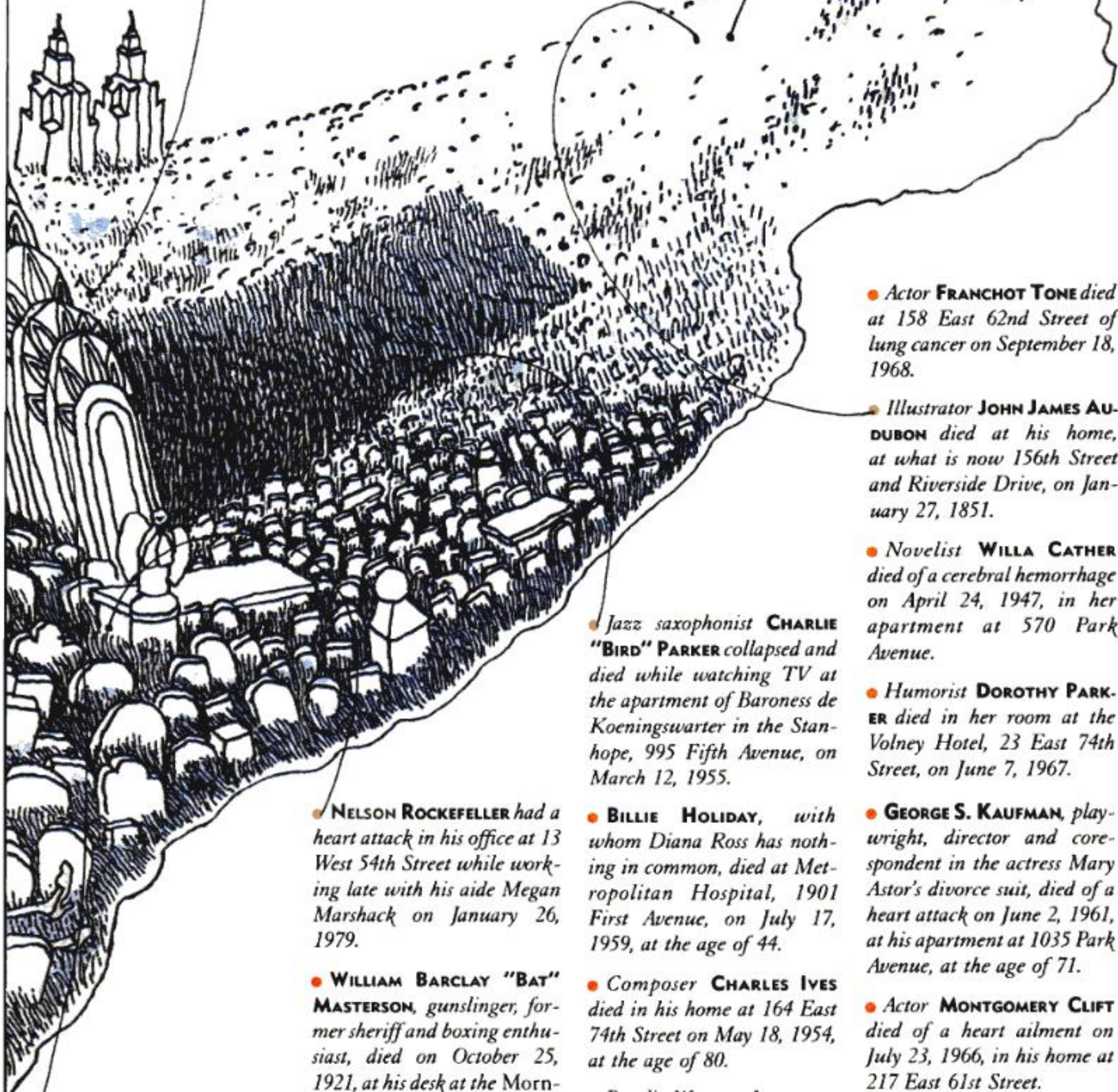
● **NELSON ROCKEFELLER** had a heart attack in his office at 13 West 54th Street while working late with his aide Megan Marshack on January 26, 1979.

● **WILLIAM BARCLAY "BAT" MASTERTON**, gunslinger, former sheriff and boxing enthusiast, died on October 25, 1921, at his desk at the Morning Telegraph, 826 Eighth Avenue, where he served as an editor during the last years of his life.

● On January 23, 1943, critic **ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT** suffered a heart attack at the CBS studios, midway through a panel discussion on ten years of Hitlerism. The Times noted that "listeners reported that Mr. Woolcott... seemed to have taken less than his usual part in the broadcast." He died four hours later at Roosevelt Hospital, 428 West 59th Street.

● Nutritionist-publisher-organic farming enthusiast **J. I. RODALE** was stricken and died while taping an interview for The Dick Cavett Show at the Elysée Theater, West 58th Street, on June 7, 1971.

● Former U.S. representative **ALLARD K. LOWENSTEIN** was shot in his law office at Rockefeller Center on March 14, 1980, by onetime protégé Dennis Sweeney. He died seven hours later at St. Clare's Hospital, Ninth Avenue and 51st Street.







How fabulous our noble chintz,

Our whatnots filled with treen;

Our antique studs and sporting prints,

Our knocked-off L. L. Bean!

WASPMANIA!

THEY'VE MADE THEIR BUCKETS OF MONEY AND NOW THEY WANT TO LIVE LIKE THE OLD-MONEYED CLASSES. THEY'RE CORNERING THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF CHINTZ AND SILVER PICTURE FRAMES AND GEORGE STUBBS PAINTINGS AND PETIT-POINT-COVERED OTTOMANS. THEY'RE READING UP ON DECENT PORT VINTAGES AND SENDING THEIR OVERFED CHILDREN TO MANNERS CLASSES. BEFORE OUR VERY EYES, ORDINARY MEN AND WOMEN—*REALLY* ORDINARY MEN AND WOMEN—ARE TURNING THEMSELVES INTO MAKE-BELIEVE WHITE ANGLO-SAXON PROTESTANTS. MICHAEL THOMAS HIKES UP HIS SUSPENDERS—ER, *BRACES*—TO EXAMINE THE SORRY SIGHT OF A NEW YORK CAUGHT IN THE GILT-EDGED GRIP OF RAMPANT WASPMANIA.

So come to us, you newly rich,

No longer ranked as dreck;

Here instant class

Is brought to pass—

We need nothing but your check!

—opening lines of "Ralph the Beautiful," which may or may not be sung at the beginning of each business day by the staff of the Lauren Institute of WASPology and Anglomimicry, Madison Avenue and 72nd Street

IRAN INTO AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE the other day, a greenmailer of some repute. Although we hadn't seen each other for a while, it's been easy to keep up with him in *The Wall Street Journal*. We chatted for a while there on the sidewalk, and all the time I was trying to figure out what it was about him that had changed. It wasn't just his hard-eyed expression. From the neck up, he had what I call an Asher Edelman make-over. When I knew Edelman, we were taking from the same shrink up on 93rd Street, and Asher was a chubby guy with a sweet smile and a lot of hair. Now he's wirier than Hit Man Hearn, has a Vanessa Redgrave concentration-camp bob and, when being photographed, has a tight-lipped glower that would make Clint Eastwood flinch. No, *that isn't it*, I thought, listening to him boast how he'd financially leveled a midwestern factory town. What was it?

And then I knew: high-water pants! The Greenmailer, as suave and natty a guy as ever shaped the knot on a Meledandri cravat or razored the crease in a

THE SO-CALLED
WASP/EASTERN/"WISE MEN"
ESTABLISHMENT
IS ABOUT AS ALIVE AND
INFLUENTIAL AS THE DODO BIRD,
AND ITS PARADIGMATIC
FIGURE, THE VICE PRESIDENT,
IS A WUSSY

Morty Sills flare-bottom, was wearing high-water pants! Was this the end of civilization as we knew it?

I'm sure you know what I mean by *high-water pants*—the quintessential WASP sartorial giveaway. The cuffs end a good three inches above the Weejuns—the kind of trousers that in gray worsted once allowed one to identify a Morgan Guaranty assistant vice president; that in faded khaki and red twill, respectively, adorned the (typically skinny) shanks of pillars of Fishers Island (pronounced "FISHews" by the people who summer there) and Nantucket; or that in riotous colors embroidered with green frogs represented the crème de la crème of Locust Valley and Far Hills.

I had to make some acknowledgment of the Greenmailer's obviously considered fashion statement. "Hey," I said, pointing at his legs. "Expecting a flood?"

The Greenmailer beamed. He couldn't have been happier if I'd been the chairman of Goodyear forking over a few hundred million to make him go away.

"Good, huh?" he said. "Well, they better be, what they cost. The real thing, you know."

"The real thing?"

"Yeah. Got 'em at Lauren's up the street. Hunnerd-fifty bucks."

That's a lot to pay for what L. L. Bean offers for about a tenth of the price, I thought, but I said nothing. After all, I knew that the cardinal principle of the Greenmailer's philosophy is that price is the only reliable measure of quality. Nevertheless, he must have seen the disbelief in my expression.

"Yo," he said, "I'm not kidding. The guy who sold me these at Lauren's comes from one of those old East Hampton families. He swears these are official George Bush, you know, top of the line, the autograph model. Just like they wear up in Northeast Harbor. I mean, now we're talking *real* conservative." The Greenmailer bent toward me in a manner most conspiratorial. "Don't say a thing, but I'm thinking of taking a house at Northeast myself next summer. Frankly, you ask me, the Hamptons are filling up with the wrong kind of people. Not exclusive anymore."

The Greenmailer drew himself up, fingered the thin knot of what I saw to be a *faux*-Eton tie and shot his button cuffs. For a moment I thought he was going to snap his galluses at me.

We shook hands and parted. As I went on my way I asked myself, *What is going on?* The old values are dead. The White House is in the hands of a bunch of Kelvinator salesmen from Van Nuys, and the nation's commerce is dominated by guys who are as likely to wear numbers on their shirtfronts as they are to wear monograms. The so-called WASP/eastern/"Wise Men" establishment is about as alive and influential as the dodo bird, and its paradigmatic figure, the vice president, is a wussy. And yet every greenmailer and leveraged-buyout artist this side of Allenwood is kitting himself out as if he were off for a day of beagling in Peapack or about to take tea with Permella Reed at

PURVEYING AND ACQUIRING

The Cost-of-Living-Like-a-WASP Index

Don't just take our word for it: the data are there, the facts speak for themselves, the statistics are unequivocal.

Membership in the United States Polo Association has increased 10 percent each year for the past 10 years, to 207 clubs and 23 scholastic and collegiate groups in 1986.

More and more people are crouching in thickets at dawn and arguing about confusing fall warblers: membership in the National Audubon Society is up to 456,000, from 269,000 in 1976.

The National Steeplechase and Hunt Association reports that attendance at its events has doubled since 1976.

L. L. Bean's sales figures were \$304 million in 1985, up \$50 million from 1984. Laura Ashley experienced a 10 percent real growth in sales last year. And Bergdorf's Hackett Shop, a salesperson says, "has just been moved to a more prominent position in the store."

Even in art, "people are going for the Ralph Lauren look," says a Sotheby's spokesman. A George Stubbs painting that went for \$50,000 five years ago will fetch as much as \$400,000 today.

Andrew Tsee, who dismantles wood-frame buildings in Britain and brings them over here for reassembling, now gets about \$400,000 for a house and \$75,000 for a wood-paneled study.

The British *Tatler's* U.S. circulation is up 31 percent since just last year. *Harpers & Queen's* U.S. circulation, a mere 1,400 copies in 1984, was 6,660 at the end of last year. Even *The New Yorker's* circulation in 1986 was up 11 percent from 1985. And what about literature? "Oh, yes," says a saleswoman at J. N. Bartfield, "there has certainly been an increase in buying books by the yard. Not everybody calls it that, but. . . ." A yard of leather-bound classics costs about \$1,200.

But if you're serious about wanting to buy into WASPmania, you'll pay no mind to price, unless it's suspiciously low (then you may be dealing with an *imitation* imitation instead of a genuine imitation). Stick with the aggressively old and reassuringly expensive, and you'll do just fine.

—Rachel Urquhart

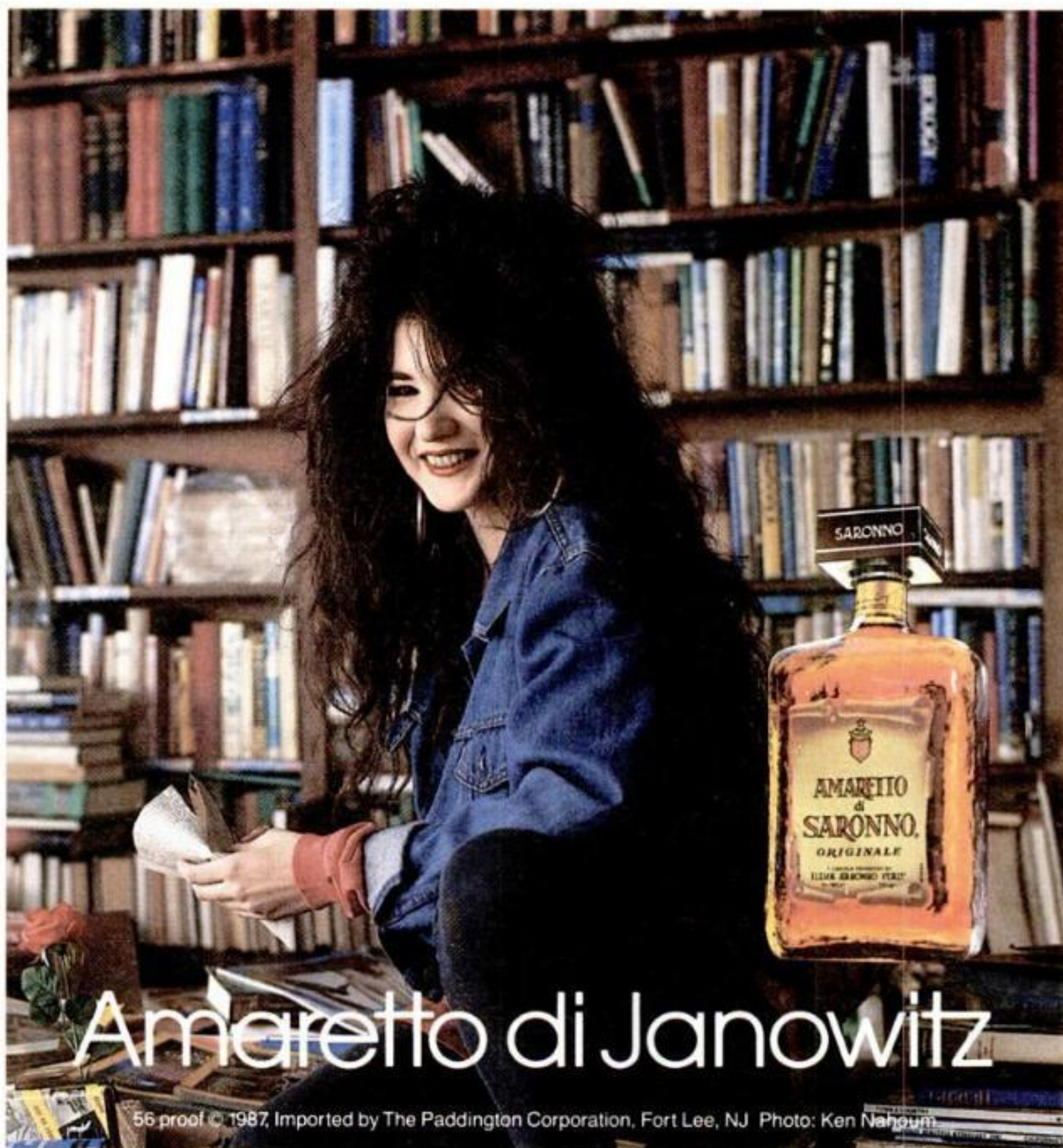
the Jupiter Island Club.

And it isn't just clothes. Everything WASPy, everything "oldveau," everything English, is gobbled up by the men of the moment and their ladies faster than they go through the white truffles at Le Cirque. Old-fashioned genteelness is in, in, I tell you—IN!

They're even back to poaching other people's ancestors. For instance, take old Vane-Tempest-Stewart, sixth marquess of Londonderry, who in 1902 had himself painted, life-size, by Sargent (the new money's favorite old-money artist—a preference that speaks volumes about pretension and artistic judgment both), all duded up in knee britches and garter for the coronation of Edward VII. For more than 60 years His Grace presided, from high up on the end wall, over the gallery of Londonderry House in Park Lane, your basic 50-by-100-foot Georgian-Victorian reception room. Now his noble self is scrunched up between the baseboard and picture molding of a New York apartment. In the original setting he looked monumental; in the new, even though it must have cost a whole bunch of money to bring him here, he looks as if he turned left out of the elevator when he should have turned right.

Of course, ancestor worship—particularly the worship of other people's ancestors—is nothing new in American "society." The presumption of "class by association" allows shiny new currency the appearance, at least, of a mellow patina. But why WASPmania? Why is it that, especially among people who've never been on the inside, who've never lunched at the Bath and Tennis Club in Palm Beach or played "Take My Wife" (in a version never imagined by Henny Youngman) in Tuxedo Park or Gloucestershire, or tried to carry on an intelligent conversation in Newport or Eaton Square, Anglo-WASP society is perceived as the ne plus ultra of social ascendancy? It's crazy—take it from me—but there it is.

Anyway, like any alien culture, Anglo-WASPiness is perceived by the heathen in terms of *things*, of accoutrements and artifacts. These can be copied, bought or borne away as a conqueror's booty. It was this perception that hit Ralph Lauren some 20 years ago as he strolled along the Grand Concourse. "Eureka!" he must have exclaimed, or "Egad!" or some such



Amaretto di Janowitz

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HOLLYWOOD WASPMANIA

1970s STARS

HENRY WINKLER,
TV jerk-lothario



JOHN TRAVOLTA,
teenage TV-to-film
crossover phenom

VALERIE HARPER,
TV's sexy middle-aged sweetheart

GILDA RADNER,
spunky, thinking-man's crush

AL PACINO,
self-serious sex symbol



BARBRA STREISAND,
ugly/beautiful superstar

ROBERT DE NIRO,
brooding, tough, sexy loner

LIZA MINNELLI,
feisty survivor

1980s STARS

BRUCE WILLIS,
TV jerk-lothario



MICHAEL J. FOX,
teenage TV-to-film
crossover phenom

CYBILL SHEPHERD,
TV's sexy middle-aged sweetheart

SIGOURNEY WEAVER,
spunky, thinking-man's crush

WILLIAM HURT,
self-serious sex symbol



MERYL STREEP,
ugly/beautiful superstar

SAM SHEPARD,
brooding, tough, sexy loner

JESSICA LANGE,
feisty survivor

thing, as he set his feet on the path that has culminated in the shrine he has erected at Madison and 72nd—a museum of other people's lives and ideas and taste, in the guise of a museum gift shop.

I recommend visiting the shrine on a Tuesday at around noon, which is when St. James Church next door feeds the city's down-on-their-luck. Probably at no other time are the Laurenium's relentless tastefulness, the polish and gleam of its displays, the throbbing power of its clientele's Z-cars and the quality of the clients themselves shown to more obvious advantage. It makes one proud to be a New Yorker.

The shop has been hailed for its "club-like" qualities; on the occasion of its opening, the *Times*'s Suzanne Slesin wrote a piece of such gushing breathlessness, one suspects she had to be hot-walked around the block after signing off. *Variety* would have headlined it MENSWEAR MIDGET MESMERIZES METROPOLIS! Of course, it

thing called the St. James's Club) would raise at auction a sum sufficient to furnish any one of Birley's three London establishments: Annabel's (for 24 years the greatest nightclub in the world, bar none), Mark's Club and Harry's Bar.

The Laurenium is a simplistic, childish version of the style perfected by Birley. I say childish because it lacks the wit and grace and subtextual innateness of the original; the parts are all there, but there's no sum. It's as if an ambitious child walked through a toy store, pointing hither and thither, saying, "I'll take this and that." Fivescore dog paintings doth not a Chatsworth make.

The childishness of the whole enterprise extends to the customers and to the proprietor himself. Kids like to dress up, so why not greenmailers, to whom life's just a game too? We know from his ads that Lauren himself likes to dress up. One minute he's all leather and Porsche, Mad Max in miniature; the next it's chaps and denim, a Tinkertoy Gary Cooper. The last time I saw him, he was slouching along the streets of East Hampton dressed in what appeared to be a Victorian admiral's jacket (stripes on the sleeves, epaulettes, etc.). He doubtless thought he looked like Bull Halsey or Admiral Nelson. I swear that until I was corrected by my wife, I took him for a member of a company of dwarfs touring a stock version of *Pinafore*. The man is obviously in touch with the inner stirrings of his audience, which thinks as he thinks and does as he does. Still, it's obvious there's an element of conscious masquerade here.

It's obvious, too, that the Laurenium speaks in a language understood by the sort of people to whom the highest superlative in the vernacular is *exclusive*. The trouble is, people never seem to realize that the exclusivity of a given establishment is not a function of its decor, not a consequence of the number of English country *tchotchkes* with which it is outfitted, nor even evidenced by the people one sees there. Exclusivity is entirely and totally a function of whom it is you do *not* find in a given place.

Which means that a Lauren can go to country auctions and buy up a gallery of society photographs by Freudy and Bert Morgan and tart them up in silver frames and exhibit them strategically among the neckwear (mixed in with snapshots of bogus aristos whose lineages stretch back to

Click and Wilhelmina). One can load up, as the wee haberdasher has done, on battered dispatch cases, frayed trout nets, hickory-shafted golf clubs, propellers, oars bearing the names of Magdalen crews probably long since buried in Flanders fields (may I interject that I find the use of this sort of artifact to create a pedigree for shoes and shirts repellent, even

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sacrilegious), and "pre-dusted" ledgers; one can pepper the place with the spice of other eras and other lives and appropriate bits and pieces of other people's private stock of possession and recollection, and if in the end it makes some jumped-up arbitrageur comfortable about buying a pair of five-hundred-dollar gillie shoes before serving his two-to-five, so be it. But exclusive it ain't. It may be the way of the world, but it isn't the genuine article.

This is not to denigrate Lauren's commercial accomplishment. It takes real genius to turn a pad of tracing paper and an old Abercrombie & Fitch catalog into the better part of \$1 billion. That's the American way. If you've got the money, honey, or the brass balls, what was mine is yours.

This still begs the question: why this manic craze for a culturally and chronologically defunct way of life? The "information era" and the World According to Boesky have made WASPism technologically and morally obsolete. So why is it that guys who would sell their mothers below the bid price to net an extra eighth of a point will pay a premium chez Lauren for a pair of ersatz Top-Siders when they could buy the real thing at Harry's Florsheim for half the price? The proprietor of an old-line East Side saddlery put the matter in focus for me. "Our boots cost \$435, but the price is going up because Ralph Lauren is selling his field boot off the peg for \$500, so why should I make them custom-order for less?"

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MARK FUTURES ROCKETING
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WEARING SLEEVE GARTERS AND
A CELLULOID COLLAR

all depends on what your idea of a club is. The store does provide the crudely apparent trappings of the typical WASP club—embossed buttons, a range of striped neckwear, even a crest (POLO/EST MCMLXVII!)—and without obliging the purchaser to suffer some lunch table bore on how many boys' clubs there were on Lake Winnepesaukee in 1911.

The shop's decor is basically a down-scale rip-off of what—to give due credit to its originator—should be called the Mark Birley style, which is basically a highly polished commercial version of private Mayfair taste. It's a formula that makes people from all walks of wealth feel comfortable; shabby, in the way of the real McCoy, the Birley style is not. I doubt that the collective furnishings (excluding paintings and books) of the great clubs of St. James's (not to be confused with some-

I call this the reverse-price syndrome, which has afflicted nouveaux riches of every era. It expresses itself in the conviction that if something isn't hyperexpensive, it can't be any damn good. Right now the syndrome's pandemic. It's the reason that most of Manhattan's fashionable decorators—who if borrowed, let alone bad, taste were a felony would be decorating their cells at Allenwood—are riding around in Rolls-Royces.

Still, I think there must be more to it than that. There has to be what John Madden might call "a lot of good psychological stuff." I'm afraid Lauren's not much help in the insight department. On the occasion of the opening of the Laurenium, about all that the founder could offer by way of enlightenment (as quoted by the breathless Ms. Slesin) was "This store fulfills the presentation I have to make. What I wanted to have is a way to illustrate what I'm about in its entire environment." Got that?

One can understand that it is kind of cool to send a couple of billion in 90-day deutsche mark futures rocketing off over the bank wire at 2,400 baud while wearing sleeve garters and a celluloid collar. It must feel pretty sharp if the pants whose pocket you're putting the other fellow's pecker in are a pair of "Nantucket reds." Not that the cultural overlap doesn't go in both directions. Recent observation suggests that while the wire room at Bear, Stearns is full of trading animals compar-

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OF A BILLION DOLLARS**

ing port vintages and single sculls, the bar at the Brook club is populated by guys with names like Schuyler van Stuyvesant strong-arming one another for commission business.

Anglo-WASPmania isn't limited to foreign-exchange traders pricing Guard's neckties. It runs right through the uppermost part of the crust, the big new rich, the

Kid Creole and the Coconut

Amaretto di Saronno

Amaretto di Saronno
ORIGINALE

56 proof © 1987, Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ Photo: Ken Nahoum.

kind of people who've got old Vane-Tempest-Stewart strung up on the picture molding. Folks in this stratum go the whole Victorian/Edwardian hog. What they want, it seems, is to be able to buy their way through to the other side of the looking glass and find themselves in a real live *Upstairs, Downstairs*: Mrs. Bridges cooking 30 brace of grouse into a pie, Hudson at the decanter and the King coming to dinner.

Take, for example, your typical Very New Rich (VNR) couple. They're homesteading 16 rooms in one of the best Manhattan addresses on Tom Wolfe's list. They need a big place, because they've got a lot of "friends": a few people they knew back when; a lot of thrilling people they're just now getting to know; about four dozen people falling over one another to purvey goods and services, which includes journalists only too happy to kiss a little life-style ass in public in return for a taste of \$400 Musigny; and, of course, all the subscribers to *House & Garden*, *Town & Country* and so on, to whom this composite couple's domestic arrangements

and appurtenances are becoming as familiar as their own.

A quick tour of the place shows why most East Side decorators had a better year in 1986 than Don Mattingly. Talk about a riot of chintz, a plague of porcelain!

It's the people we're interested in, though. Mr. VNR is about five six (this is the Golden Age of the Wall Street Power Mite) and a touch prognathous. He likes to be photographed brandishing an eight-inch pre-Castro panatela.

She's a tall, thin number, and in comparison with her mate she looks like a re-troussé-nosed Manute Bol, ready to go to the hoop. Which is, in fact, what she has in mind: to post down low in the paint and play "in your face" with established society Hall of Famers like Brooke "the Pearl" Astor or Pat "Buckets" Buckley. She is often described as striking, a word employed by life-style anthemers to describe a face in which the teeth appear to be more widely spaced than the eyes.

It's all veddy English and veddy grand here at the VNR home. The fabric of the

living—I'm sorry—the *drawing-room* curtains would stop a dum dum bullet. In its time the dining-room Chippendale has cushioned the hindquarters of half of De-brett's. The stemware's gilded; the tableware's vermeil.

We're eavesdropping on their Christmas party, a tradition in this household since 1985. The VNRs *love* tradition. It's a word the host uses tonight as he glows with approval at the company, all outfitted in its Christmas finery, admires himself in his velvet slippers with the embroidered foxheads, and smirks while the 1963 Dow from Quality House (in the late Duke's regimental decanter) goes around and around. He beams at the spectacle, takes a long hit on his big Ramon Allones panatela, smiles at the lady on his right and says, "I like a glass of port after dinner. It's real traditional."

Christmas being the most Victorian and English of holidays—hang out long enough with this crowd and you'll come to believe that Christ was born in Har- rods—it's only natural that this set likes to invoke Dickens, that most Victorian and English of writers. Indeed, a Mrs. Henry Kravis, a VNR grande dame who has been unavoidable in the life-style press, recently expounded to the *Times's* Carol Vogel about the Dickensian spin she likes to put on her Yuletide. It was clear Mrs. Kravis had in mind what might be called the Fezziwig trope, which is when people go, "Ho, ho, ho," under the mistletoe and say things like "Was there *ever* such a goose!" and skip the parts about cripples and poverty and all that other bad stuff that Dickens insisted on. There are alternative Dickensian contexts that might be invoked with equal pertinence, I think. How about this passage from *Our Mutual Friend*?

Mr. and Mrs. Veneering were bran-new people in a bran-new house in a bran-new quarter of London. Everything about the Veneerings was spick and span new. All their furniture was new, all their friends were new, all their servants were new, their plate was new, their carriage was new, their harness was new, their horses were new, their pictures were new. . . .

I think you get the idea.

From Lauren to the upper reaches of Park and Fifth Avenues, New York *nouveauté* is being consumed by a flame that we might call *la Nostalgie de Piping Rock*.

UGLY BUT FASHIONABLE:

The Renaissance of WASP, uh, Style

FOR THE SELF
LOUIS VUITTON BAGS
HERMÈS SCARVES
QUILTED CHANEL BAGS
BURBERRY COATS AND SCARVES
FAIR ISLE SWEATERS
MONOGRAMS
WEBBING BELTS
BOXER SHORTS
HIGH-WATER PANTS
BELGIAN SHOES
MADDER SHAWLS

FOR THE HOME
CHINTZ
LARGE CERAMIC ANIMALS
WEDGWOOD
WATERFORD
HURRICANE LAMPS
ANYTHING WROUGHT-IRON
STEBEN GLASS ANIMALS
DOWN-FILLED SOFAS



DIFFICULT BUT FASHIONABLE:

Doing It the Hard (WASP) Way

USING A SHAVING BRUSH
USING A FOUNTAIN PEN



USING A MANUAL LAWN MOWER
POLISHING THE SILVER
DOING NEEDLEPOINT
WEARING LINEN CLOTHES AND LACE-UP SHOES
DRIVING A MANUAL-TRANSMISSION CAR
GARDENING (ESPECIALLY FLOWERING ANNUALS)
SCRUPULOUSLY ACCURATE RESTORATION OF OLD BUILDINGS
ESCHEWING WORD PROCESSORS, CABLE TV, AIR-CONDITIONING AND TOUCH-TONE PHONES

I've already ventured a couple of anthropological guesses at why. Let me finish with one more. I keep looking at what is going on and thinking back to the movies of my youth. Of a couple of scenes in particular.

SCENE ONE: Sunset on the Little Big-horn. The ground scattered with the corpses of Custer and his men. And what are the victorious Indians doing? Forming up to give a rousing WASPy "Hip, hip, hooray" for the losing side? No. They're stripping the corpses and donning their blue cavalry jackets and Sam Browne belts and capering about the plain in a howling dance of triumph.

SCENE TWO: Day's end at Isandlwana or the Nile Valley. Cetewayo's Zulu impis or the Mahdi's Fuzzy Wuzzies have done their gory work, and the bloody ground is littered with the bodies of the Queen's Own. And what are the savages doing prancing about in the scarlet tunics and solar topees and Martini Henry rifles of the fallen? They're celebrating, that's what!

Now venture with me to the no-less-savage world of Wall Street, where the greenmailer and leveraged-buyout artist prowl. Listen—the tom-toms speak of a great victory: "*WASP elitism is dead!*" "*The WASP establishment is no more!*"

It's all the same, 1890 or 1980. The triumphant savage takes his deepest draught of the rich mead of conquest by appropriating the uniform and weapons of his devastated foe.

Savages then, savages now.

Gibbon may be unclear on the matter, but isn't it likely that there was a run on togas among the Visigoths after they got through sacking Rome? Think of the Lauren store as a Visigoth temple, furnished in the wake of victory with the arms and standards of defeated Roman (read WASP) legions, and it begins to make sense.

It won't last forever, of course. The vanquished will rise. There are survivors hiding out there in the bush right now, waiting for their wounds to heal, plotting revenge. You'll know the tide is turning when Schuyler van Stuyvesant appears on the cover of *Institutional Investor* in a wise-guy snap-brim that he'll doubtless store in a Victorian biscuit box picked up on the cheap at a Drexel Burnham yard sale clerked by my buddy the Greenmailer. ☺

IT'S HIP TO BE SQUARE.
AND ATTRACTIVE
AND WELL BRED
AND COMFORTABLE.



WASPmania and How America Caught It

BY PETER VAN DAAG

1. FAUX WASP This is America. In America, remember, anybody can be anything he wants to be, if only he works at it hard enough. If you have the cash, you're in, very few questions asked; in America, old money is money that's been around longer than the Camaro. Even if you are not white (look at Bill Cosby) and even if you are not Anglo-Saxon or Protestant (look at Seventh Avenue), you are free to look, dress, talk, act and think like a WASP. *Because this is America, where you can be anything you want to be.* And that's why well-to-do American four-year-olds of every race, creed, color and national origin are now named either Courtney, Amanda, Meredith, Emily, Charles, Spencer, Andrew or Christopher.

2. WASP LITE You saw it happening. We saw it happening. The potato farmers of Long Island's South Fork saw it happening, the blueberry pickers of Litchfield County saw it happening. God knows L. L. Bean saw it happening, Lisa Birnbach saw it happening, John Anderson saw it happening, George Will saw it happening, Tina Howe and A. R. Gurney saw it happening, Ralph Lauren and Perry Ellis and Laura Ashley saw it happening, Robert A.M. Stern saw it happening, Grant Tinker and Brandon Tartikoff saw it happening, bed-and-breakfast entrepreneurs saw it happening, Crabtree & Evelyn saw it happening, America's Cup licensees saw it happening, everybody saw it happening. The moment the Youthquake (the Vietnam debacle, blue jeans populism) caused the WASP elite to lose all of its real power (Washington's Wise Men discarded, the Best and the Brightest reviled, John Lindsay defeated, Nelson Rockefeller disgraced), America's victorious youth sought above all to lead lives like the Establishment they'd deposed—civilized and exquisitely tasteful.

They became, in other words, WASP Lites.

3. WASP COOL It used to be a joke (*The Beverly Hillbillies*'s Milburn Drysdale; *Gilligan's Island*'s Thurston Howell III) or a little pathetic (John Cheever's depressives, John Updike's adulterers) to be a WASP. Not now. Now WASPs are confident and cool and ironic—like WASPs used to be *only more so*. Before WASPmania, Steve Martin and Chevy Chase and Spalding Gray were not allowed; if you were a WASP comedian, you had to be Orson Bean. WASP pop music was the blandest—the Kingston Trio, the Limelighters, Andy Williams, blah. Now it's the Talking Heads: buttoned-down, smart, well bred, witty, tasteful ... WASPy. And David Letterman (buttoned-down, smart, well bred, witty and tasteful and, maybe best of all, easily embarrassed in public) just might have been impossible without rampant WASPmania. And Nell's—the tatty, elegant, ersatz-country-house nightclub of the moment, owned and run by Brits?

WASPmania Central.

4. HAUTE WASP Bona fide WASPs are suddenly more bald-faced about it. They feel open enough about their own WASPiness to come right out and put on a show of equestrian paraphernalia at the Metropolitan Museum (underwritten by Ralph Lauren), and a show of aristocratic English country house interiors at the National Gallery (concocted by supreme WASPmaniac J. Carter Brown). And the project to complete the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is, of course, *the* WASPmaniacal philanthropy: real English stonemasons; work that will take generations to finish; a dull, donnish display of wealth (which passes for faith); Episcopalianism resurgent.

5. WASP ENVY First Woody Allen made funny movies about Jews (*Take the Money and Run*), then funny movies about WASPs (*Annie Hall*), then sad movies about WASPs (*Interiors*), and now adoring movies about WASPs (*Hannah and Her Sisters*). ☺



THE **SPY** INTERVIEW

Big, Rich & Pushy: Jake

HEY, GANG!

Let's join leading fitness author, top character actor, home-video star—*don't quit!*—successful businessman, public activist for national—*don't quit!*—fitness, motivational expert, “international energizer,” ubiquitous spokesperson (and colorful and caring personality in his own right) Jake “Body by Jake” Steinfeld for an interview that is close up and personal. Jake's former schoolmate, journalist SUSAN CHUMSKY, leads the workout. *Let's go!* And remember: *you're all a bunch of winners!*



SUSAN CHUMSKY: *So you're one of those people who don't need any sleep.*

JAKE STEINFELD: Three hours sleep a night. *Three hours, Susan.* You know, it's funny, I went to school with a **Susan Chumsky**.

I think I might be that same one.

Baldwin?

Yes.

No, *get out of here.* Are you kidding? I knew it!

I swear. How many Susan Chumskys are there?

That's what I said. When **Carrol** was setting this up, I said, "This name is not too around, you know? I think I know this girl." Are you kidding?

No. Baldwin, New York, 11510.

Right, 11510.

So. The New York Times *saw you yesterday?*

Yeah, we just met with them. I had dinner with them. And we're doing a thing with **Sports Illustrated**. And I just signed three very big endorsement deals with **Reebok** and **Burlington** and **Pierre Cardin**. So, I tell you, it's just gotten great, it really has. It's been really fun. That's the bottom line.

Do you still have the time to work out privately with the stars?

Oh, yeah. You see, I love doing that. I still train **Spielberg** and **Harrison Ford** and **Bette Midler**, **Priscilla Presley**, **Morgan Fairchild**, **Teri Garr**, **Margot Kidder**, people like that. We just started training **Anthony Michael Hall** here. When **Michael J. Fox** was in town, we trained him here. We're also training the guys from **Bowie's** band now, and **dukes, duchesses** out here.

Are you currently on a media blitz to promote your videocassette?

You know what it is now? There are, thank God, so many things going on, **Susan**, that we're not promoting just the video. We're just promoting, it's the whole *image* of me now, really, you know. And we're now working on a TV show, a comedy television show.

Called...?

It's untitled right now, but you know, it'll be a

prime-time show, and we're also doing a Saturday-morning kids' show as well—an animated kids' show. It's gonna be me working with kids. And that's what the series is gonna be about. And the two-hour movie-of-the-week is a *great* idea, which was my concept and stuff like that. Our weekly series [is] kind of like the Caucasian **Cosby**.

What's this about a Broadway show?

As a matter of fact, at one o'clock, I'm meeting with the producers who are doing **Captain America** on Broadway. And it's a great script. And they're interested in me playing—see, it's a story about a guy, it's about **Captain America**.

I want to know about your second book.

It's presently titled **Success By Jake**. There's a chapter in there where we ask you to write down your assets and also your liabilities. Like me, okay:

my assets are, I'm always on time. But then in the other column, the liabilities are, I get a lot of speeding tickets. And then the second [asset] is, I close a lot of deals—*thank God*. And then over here the liabilities section would say, "But I don't relax and smell the roses after I close a deal." I'm off to the next too fast. Even today, like we just closed the **Pierre Cardin** deal. Fantastic. We're doing a 12-city deal with them, you know, with their men's musk, you know. It's a whole fitness package where we're doing **Macy's** here in New York, and 10 cities, and the people up there—this guy **Mike Goldenberg** at **Pierre Cardin** is fantastic. This guy **Irwin Leidner** over at **Burlington**? Fantastic.

So you're doing print things?

Print and in-store appearances. And also **Reebok**—this guy **Angel Martinez**. You know, I've always felt that you go right to the main guys, and those are the guys you make the deal with, not the guys underneath them, not the secretary to the president of the brother of the sister, *you go right to the man*. To **MCA** I went to **Gene Giaquinto** to make my exercise-video deals. I did the first soundtrack album to an exercise video. And I went to **Irving Azoff** at **MCA** and pitched him the idea, and *he* went for it. **Simon & Schuster**, I went right to **Dan Green**.

You've gotten to know Ted Turner?

"I CAN
SINCERELY
SAY IT'S
BECAUSE
OF STEVEN
SPIELBERG



THAT I
LEARNED
HOW TO FLY
FIRST-
CLASS AND
HOW TO
LIVE FIRST-
CLASS. HE
INTRODUCED
ME TO
A WAY
OF LIVING
THAT IS
TOTALLY
FIRST-CLASS"



The Aztecs believed that the aphrodisiac nature of *chocolatl* was bestowed by the great god Quetzalcoatl as a consolation to mankind for having to live on Earth. The conquistadors then brought *chocolatl* to the Spanish court, and desire for the rare delicacy quickly spread from capital to capital. Over the centuries, Europeans have evolved sophisticated recipes for blending smooth and subtle chocolates.

The last chapter in chocolate's evolution, however, has been written in America, where chocolate began.

Varda Chocolatier proudly presents refined chocolate truffles worthy of discriminating American palates.

Europeans will suffer. Quetzalcoatl will be proud.



Fine truffles. For sales information and corporate gifts, call (718) 821-9900.

You know, he's a real right-down-to-earth kind of a guy. I don't know what people think about him, but I'll tell you the truth: he treats me great. I think he's an unbelievable guy.

And the same thing with **Steven Spielberg**, where I can sincerely say that it's because of him that I learned how to fly first-class and learned how to live first-class. He introduced me to **the Concorde**, he introduced me to **the Warner Bros. jet** and just a way of living that is totally first-class. But even above and beyond that, because that's very material—and I can't say that I ain't a material kind of a person, because I think everybody is, in a sense. I think that they're full of shit if they say they aren't, because if they were able to have the nice things, *they'd love to have the nice things*. It's just the amount of *power* and the amount of *genius* that this guy's got. He is such a regular guy and a funny guy, and when we hang out—I mean, when we went to **London**, this last trip, **Amy** had to stay home, and—

Amy?

His wife, **Amy Irving**. When we went to **London**. He was there working, and I was there doing press and stuff like that, and at night we—you know, his people—hung out, and we all kind of hung out together, and there were a couple of nights where we just were, like, beat. So we hung out in his place, ordered up, like, **caviar**, and we said, "Come on, *let's make believe we're like King Tut!*" And we ordered, like, *nine meals*. And we were laughing and having a great time, spooning **caviar** and acting like someone in the Greek times. I call him **Weils**. I don't know why. It's just a made-up name.

In People magazine it said you called him Spiels.

Yeah, that was four years ago. Things change. **Spiels** to **Weils**. **W-E-I-L-S**. And he's just been an ace, man, he really, really has. He's been an unbelievable kind of a guy.

Since I knew you from Baldwin . . . when did you move from Brooklyn to Baldwin?

We lived—we mainly grew up in Baldwin. I mean, we were there for pretty much our whole lives, in Baldwin.

So how come everybody—all your publicity—says you're from Brooklyn?

"The Brooklyn boy." I think that's what happens, you know. I mean, you know from growing up in Baldwin, I mean people on talk shows, they go, "Where are you from?" And you say, "Baldwin, Long Island," and they go, "Aren't you from

Brooklyn? Where's Baldwin? What's Baldwin?" But if you say Brooklyn, they hear the accent, and whatever, it's just part of the program.

When you were a kid in Baldwin, what did you dream of being?

I used to dr—I gotta tell you something, that's a great question—I used to mow the lawn in the backyard, and, you know, because we had a volleyball court back there and then after that we put a pool in, but I used to mow the lawn in the backyard and make believe I was mowing **Shea Stadium**, like in the middle of the seventh inning, and people would stop, and I would get applause from a hundred thousand people, and my mother would



WHICH JAKE IS WORSE?
Above, as a Long Island junior high school twerp (1973), or, **right**, as a self-adoring pitchman for deodorant (1987)?



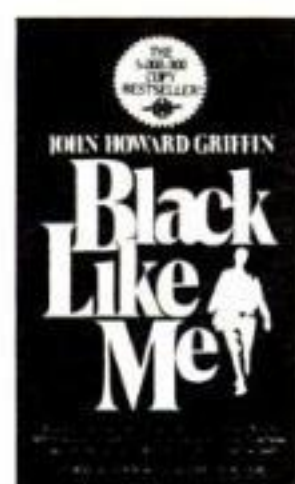
**"THERE ARE,
THANK GOD,
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WE'RE NOT
PROMOTING**

look out the window and go, "What are you doing?" I says, "Quiet, Ma, there's a standing ovation out here." I dreamed about being in a parade. Those are dreams that I had. I dreamed about being very rich.

When I first started working out, I used to put the headphones on when I was supposed to be downstairs studying. And at the end of "I Did It My Way" by **Frank Sinatra**, there was about ten seconds of wild applause for **Frank**. And I put the ten seconds on my album too, as a matter of fact. And I'm doing curls in this little, skinny mirror, and all I would hear is the applause. Like 500,000 people cheering for **Jake Steinfeld** doing bicep curls. ☺

**JUST THE
VIDEO.
WE'RE JUST
PROMOTING
THE WHOLE
IMAGE OF
ME NOW"**

SPY has always been troubled by the very real discrimination faced by women with enormous breasts—the leering glances, the stereotyping by chest-obsessed males, harassment in the workplace. Thus, the remarkable undercover investigation that follows—an article conceived, written and edited by women. It is presented not to titillate our readers, or because we thought that mentioning it on the cover would sell more copies of the magazine. No. We did it because as journalists, we have a sacred mandate to expose social injustice no matter how sensational. And so, in the ground-breaking tradition of



Black Like Me and Gentleman's Agreement, LYNN SNOWDEN strapped on a pair of 34Ds for two weeks so she could personally experience the shame, the burden—and, yes, the undeniable retro glamour of being . . .

BUSTY

O N E W O M A N ' S

LIKE

T R U E S T O R Y

Me



FOR YEARS, the idea had intrigued and tantalized me, and the day I saw Phil Donahue interview a panel of women about their breasts, it returned more insistently than ever. *If a small-busted woman were to become a large-busted woman*, I wondered, *what adjustments would she have to make?* What would it be like to receive lustful stares from men and envy or hatred from women, all as a function of breast size—something over which one has no control?

If a small-busted woman were to become a large-busted woman, would she suddenly understand, with a ferocious clarity born of painful personal experience, the daily prejudice and indignities endured by large-breasted women living in a neurotically breast-obsessed, male-dominated society? If a small-busted woman were to become a large-busted woman, would the atavistic allure of unusually large breasts cease to mystify and terrify her—or enthrall her all the more? If a small-busted woman (me, for instance) were to become a large-busted woman, would she gain invaluable insight into the psychic tics and cultural traditions that make

sexuality so problematic in our society?

In other words, wouldn't it be fun to be really *built*?

We are in everyone must by now, of a Renaissance.



the midst, have heard Big Breast Busty ➤➤➤

Writer LYNN SNOWDEN:

Fig. 1



CUT HERE

*"The only way
to bridge the gap
was to become
temporarily bosomy—
really bosomy.
For two weeks
I did everything
I normally did,
wore everything
I normally wore.
The only difference
was in the Size
of My Breasts"*

SOUTH OF THE BORDER DOWN MANHATTAN WAY.



"...The stylish new Cinco de Mayo is worth noting as an ambitious and serious spot..."

Bryan Miller, New York Times—April 10, 1987

"...Mostly delicious exotica at reasonable tariffs... The house's burrito is a jalapeño tortilla lovingly browned, especially seductive, filled with black beans and that homemade sausage or good charred chicken..."

Gael Green, New York Magazine—March 9, 1987

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fashion models such as Elle MacPherson, Ashley, Estelle and Paulina Porizkova are enjoying a vogue. Couturiers such as Azzedine Alaïa, Claude Montana, Karl Lagerfeld and Jean-Paul Gaultier have revived the hourglass silhouette with boned corsets, strapless dresses, scooped necklines—clothes engineered to hoist and display breasts.

But despite the alleged and heavily advertised comeback of big breasts, a lawyer on *Donahue* discussed the problem of discrimination against some women because of their large bust size. I realized that all of my girlfriends were small-busted. Was I guilty of prejudice toward busty women? Did I truly believe I was somehow more serious and more interesting *simply because my breasts are small*? And what was there about this subject that had made me start posing earnest rhetorical questions? I wanted to find out for myself: was being busty all glamour, or was it a crippling physical and social burden?

In other words, would it be fun to be really built? How but by becoming a big-breasted woman could a small-breasted woman hope to learn the truth? The only way I could figure to bridge the gap between us was to become temporarily bosomy—*really bosomy*—and go undercover on the streets of New York. For two weeks last spring, I would do everything I normally did, wear everything I normally wore. The only difference would

be in the Size of My Breasts.

I prepared to walk into a life that looked scary and exciting. With my decision to become a big-busted woman, I realized that I knew nothing of what might indeed be her daily torment, her desire always to shout out, *There's more to me than my breasts. I'm a person, too, you know!*

In other words, *was it going to be fun being really built?*

DAY ONE

WITH THE HELP OF A WOMAN who is in the business of fitting prosthetic breasts, I went from a modest A-cup to a voluptuous D-cup. I opted to have special pockets for the false breasts sewn into my new bra; I'd worried that they would slide out and down my dress when I ran for a bus.

My new breasts resembled teardrop-shaped, very soft beige pillows, with a slightly raised nipple built in. Each was packed in its own box. After leaving the store I walked down Fifth Avenue carrying my breasts in a plain shopping bag. They felt heavy and burdensome after only a few blocks.

I tried them on at home. The transformation was total and startling. The person who stared back at me from the mirror looked like a pinup girl. She had gigantic knockers. Enormous hooters. Bodacious ta-tas. I had never seen this person before. She was me. I was Busty.

"Is it crowded

in there?"

he said.

Did he mean

inside my

jacket?

Or in the gym?

I PUT MY BREASTS IN MY GYM BAG the next morning, with the intention of wearing them after my workout. Lacking the easy swagger necessary to affix them in the health club's locker room, I went into a toilet stall and put them on. I planned to wear my jacket open at all times outside, to get the maximum reaction out on the street.

As I rushed out of the health club I ran into an acquaintance. "Have a good workout?" he asked cheerfully. I panicked, wondering what he meant. Was he referring to the sudden leap in breast size?

"Yes. It was fine," I said, pulling my jacket forward in an attempt to diminish my bust.

"Is it crowded in there?" he said. *Did he mean inside my jacket? Or in the gym?*

"No. I mean yes. A little." I tried to relax, telling myself he was meeting my eyes and probably not looking at my breasts at all. "I'll see you later," I said, rushing down the stairs. I half hoped and half feared that I would be regarded as an object—a jumbo bra stuffed with jumbo breasts. I worried that my new shape would show me things about my friends that I'd prefer not to know.

The very first thing I noticed about having big breasts was that they're everywhere, impossible to forget or ignore, constantly in the way and in your field of vision. Scooting up to a table resulted in my breasts' bouncing softly off the

table edge. Lifting my arm suddenly toward my face usually meant hitting myself in the breast on the way. I had to curl my shoulders forward, to pull my breasts back, in order to see my pocket. Finally, I began to understand why so many big-breasted women have poor posture. I used to think it was because they were ashamed of their breasts, or that they were trying to make them less noticeable. Now I could see that it's a habit that develops out of trying to see your shoes, your pocket, your lap—in short, anything beneath your Big Breasts.

THE SPY CASE STUDY

VIRGINIA WOOLF



LONI ANDERSON



Flat-chested

Married man-of-literature Leonard Woolf

Held her own in man's world: Bloomsbury group revolved around her

During the 1920s, published *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse* and *Orlando*

Died romantically in 1941

Subject of innumerable studies

Busty

Dated man-without-real-hair Burt Reynolds

Figure of fun in man's world: Burt Reynolds Jupiter Theatre stagehands revolved around her

During the 1980s, appeared in *WKRP in Cincinnati*, *Partners in Crime* and *Easy Street*

***Easy Street* canceled ignominiously in 1987**

Subject of innumerable adolescent fantasies

SINCE I DIDN'T HAVE REAL CLEAVAGE to show off, I was restricted to wearing high-necked tops. I pulled on one of my favorite sweaters and hoped it wouldn't be irreparably stretched.

I noticed that while men stared often and unabashedly at my chest, women seldom cast more than a cursory glance. Big-breasted women often complain of getting hateful stares from other women, but I wonder now if this doesn't happen only when they wear a bikini or a low-cut gown.

As I ran to catch a bus that morning I was shocked to discover how much big breasts encumbered sprinting. They were enough to knock me off my stride, taking on a life of their own. A sanitation worker appraised my jiggling progress and yelled, "Shake it, shake it, baby!" The only thing that used to shake when I ran was my purse. I couldn't help feeling vaguely stupid and a little ashamed—as though just by running, I was responsible for soliciting this demeaning attention.

A man sitting next to me on the bus looked at my breasts and said, "Got enough room?" I scowled at him and plugged in my Walkman earphones. Another big-busted woman boarded the bus. We exchanged glances, a nod of recognition. She looked tired. I knew why.

DAY FOUR

MY BUTCHER ASKED if I had changed my hair. I told him I had. My dry cleaner told me I was looking good. I thanked him and told him I had put on some weight. He nodded enthusiastically. I began to get comments on the street. "Nice jacket," one man said, "and what's inside isn't bad, either."

I had been warned by friends that this experiment would make me want big breasts for real. But with the falsies on, I felt fat, clumsy and cow-like, lumbering my way through the city with breasts preceding the rest of me by a good four inches. Despite the wolf whistles, I didn't feel sexy or desirable; I felt graceless and matronly, my entire appearance and personality upstaged by these jiggling, jutting imitation mammaries.

DAY FIVE

I DECIDED TO GO TO BARNEYS to try on some clothes as a big-busted woman. I avoided delicate, sheer blouses, backless outfits, linen tank tops, shirts that could gape—anything that prevented the wearing of a bra.

As a small-busted woman, I had always assumed that big-busted women's shopping complaints were merely a device to remind everyone that they had huge breasts. I had believed the fashion headlines proclaiming the return of big breasts, never stopping to realize before that those busty fashions were mostly ball gowns.

In the dressing room I found I couldn't zip one dress up all the way. It was too tight, naturally, across my breasts. The saleswoman popped her head in. "How does it look? Oh, it looks *great!*" she gushed as she tried to zip it up.

I looked in the mirror. Flattened, my breasts looked as if they were about to explode. The dress looked dreadful on me. "It's too tight across the top," I said. "Come see in the big mirrors!" the saleswoman said. I looked at her in horror.

"You don't think it looks funny?" I said. "It makes me look so . . . *big.*"

"That's the *fashion!*" she said.

I began to notice that my boyfriend wasn't talking to me as much. Did he subconsciously believe that my increased bust size meant I wouldn't have the necessary intelligence to follow his conversation? Or was he just getting tired of my tendency to talk about my breasts? I confronted him about it, but he only laughed—*laughed in the wrong way.*

DAY SIX

I VISITED MY PARENTS in New Jersey. They had been briefed beforehand about my experiment. My mother's impression of me—as a large-breasted woman—was that I looked heavy, as if I had gained 15 pounds. My father seemed embarrassed. We tried to talk of other things.

My mother and I went to the supermarket, and the boys at the deli counter giggled and stared at my breasts as we gave our order. They turned their backs to us and one of them made a squeezing motion with his hands. My mother nudged me, pleased that they had reacted so predictably. My face turned red. I felt like an adolescent girl unable to cope gracefully with the world's reaction to her weird new womanly body.

DAY SEVEN

I WAS INVITED TO A POLISH WEDDING. I wore a black skirt with a black turtleneck sweater. As it turned out, the reception was filled with recent émigrés; my breast size was only average. One or two people actually urged me to eat, remarking that I was too thin.

A waltz played, and a young man in his early twenties asked me to dance. He was a snappy dresser and a terrific dancer. As he whirled me around the floor I noticed that the woman he came with was leaving with someone else. She was an attractive woman with a slightly smaller bustline than mine, although more extravagantly advertised, in a low-cut gown. She glared at me as she left. I felt a little guilty that our brief, friendly meeting had turned into a battle of the breasts, with me as the undeserving victor. My dance partner shrugged when I pointed out her sudden exit. He preferred to discuss his recent trip to Honolulu, and his efforts to get a green card.

DAY EIGHT

I ASKED MY FRIEND ANDREA, a beautiful girl with long blond hair, to accompany me to Pier 17, at the South Street Seaport, in order for me to experience the singles bar scene as a big-breasted woman. Usually when Andrea and I are out together, I feel that men are talking to me only as a conduit to her. This evening, however, we learned that a large bust beats a pretty face.

In a bar, I learned, large breasts are constantly an issue. You can have the most fabulous legs in the world, but they're not going to make conversation difficult unless you've got them wrapped around a man's neck. My memories of that evening consist of a blur of yellow ties and red suspenders, but mostly the tops of many male heads, as they angled down to ogle—and frequently address—my breasts. Would they have cared, or even believed me, if I'd told them I had a college degree?

DAY NINE

AT A PARTY FOR FASHION PHOTOGRAPHERS at Heartbreak, a grinning, goofy-looking man who said he was a computer specialist asked me to dance. The dance floor was crowded, and I was soon elbowed in the breast by a fellow dancer. I realized that I had to execute defensive dancing, keeping my arms near my breasts the whole time.

I recognized a photographer who was to take pictures of Andrea and me the following week for a new designer's collection. He eyed my breasts with some alarm. Later, in an aside to Andrea, he informed her that I was "too . . . fat. I can't photograph . . . *that,*" he said, cupping his hands.

DAY TEN

I TOOK AN AFTERNOON NAP ON MY SOFA with my breasts on. I lay on my side, and the warming fullness of my breasts lulled me to sleep, as if I were cuddling up to a soft toy. Suddenly I struggled to breathe, to escape. I awakened to find myself clawing at the row of hooks on the back of my bra. I wrestled the breasts and bra out of my T-shirt and dropped them to the floor. *I'm free,* I thought.

But was I really free? Was any woman free as long as she lived in a world where the size of her breasts was an inescapable issue, a pivotal fact of her daily life? *And would these long-winded rhetorical questions ever stop?* I wondered: *have I, in my days posing as a populuxe dream girl, really experienced the sort of anguish that real large-breasted women must endure day after difficult day?*

In other words, was it fun to have enormous boobs? *Not really,* I thought as I pulled the breasts out of the bra and packed them away in their boxes. I was about to throw the things out, glad to be rid of them—but then, for no special reason, I put them on a high shelf in the back of a closet. ☺

I felt fat,

clumsy and

cowlike,

lumbering my

way through

the city

with breasts

preceding me

by a good

four inches



CHERYL KORALIK



It's Okay

There are three titanic hoaxes, a cultural triad no

to



human has ever enjoyed for even a millisecond:



Hate

poetry, opera and ballet. Each claims a massive,

High



often hysteric following, each rakes in substantial

Culture

moneys, each has an obscenely enduring history.

A RUDE MANIFESTO
BY PAUL RUDNICK

AND EACH REMAINS A WHOLE AND UTTER FRAUD, A DIABOLIC PUNISHMENT, AN ALL-DEVOURING LIE. THESE ITEMS ARE, IF NOT DISTINCTLY EVIL, AT BEST CON JOBS ON A GALACTIC SCALE.

POETRY: SMALL AND FEY. Poetry is simply poor punctuation. A poem is a thought unworthy of a paragraph, random words tossed on the page, literary lint. Poems are Laura Ashley prints for the mind, unicorn dung. They possess none of the time-honored virtues of fine literature: you can't curl up with a nice trashy poem. Poems are rarely adapted as miniseries. Your parents would never forbid you to bring that Jackie Collins *poem* into the house; a volume of Millay seldom falls open to the good parts. People never bicker over who should play Tiresias in "The Waste Land," Valerie Bertinelli or Pam Dawber.

Why are poems composed, or perpetrated? To break up the page in *The New Yorker*. Without poetry Ann Beattie would smush into the cartoons, and the eight parts on ice-making would hurtle against the windbreaker ads. Without poetry high school girls in corduroy jumpers and black leotards might have to make some friends. Emily Dickinson never left her cottage in Amherst, and with just cause: no one asked her to. *Don't invite Emily, she might recite one of her things.* Scholars swear that Shakespeare didn't exist, that his verse was penned by Ben Jonson or Marlowe (under a pseudonym, so they wouldn't be blamed). Has anyone ever got lucky after pulling, "Hey, babe, read any good poems lately?"

As with all operas and ballets, all poems are identical. If you must, skim two lines of any poem, shudder and know the truth. That's right, they all mention "love's fragrant bower." And silvery snowflakes and autumn's pungent grief and echoing silence and little cat feet. You never have to read another; like the actors in *Platoon*, you have tasted hell and survived.

OPERA: BIG AND EMBARRASSING. Opera is eons more loathsome than poetry; with opera, you've paid a lot of money and you're physically trapped. You're stuck sitting there while

ungainly genetic mutants bay at the walls. An operatic soprano is not a talent, it is a threat. An opera is a simple tale rendered in pain, in wails demanding medical attention, not bravos. Operatic scores are not music. Music lasts three and a half minutes, requires the presence of three sultry black women and has a picture of Madonna on it. Songs are not about cruel fate, the gods or immortal passion; songs are about how mean your parents are, how hot something is and what you intend to do with your fine love thang. Singers do not continue to sing after they

FUNDING Highbrow Hoaxes

HOW MUCH MONEY (THAT COULD HAVE BEEN SPENT ON HOSTESS SNO-BALLS, TIGER BEAT AND HOLIDAY ON ICE) DID YOU, THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER, LAVISH ON OUTMODED FORMS OF CULTURAL TEDIUM? In 1986-87 the New York State Council on the Arts spent \$1,611,400 on opera, \$1,697,500 on ballet and \$261,500 on poetry and small literary presses. The National Endowment for the Arts spent \$8.9 million on ballet (and dance in general), \$8.08 million on opera (and musical theater) and \$4.7 million on poetic and literary causes.

have been stabbed, only after they have overdosed. Singers can be the King, the Boss, the Chairman of the Board, but they cannot be the Dame. If Joan Sutherland were a true artist, she'd be Kooley Joan Ad-Rock, she'd be illin'. If opera had value, it would be in the front bins at Tower Records. If opera had purpose, K-Tel would release two eight-track cartridges, check or money order only, of *Renata Tebaldi—Party Sounds*.

Why, then, the hordes of seemingly worshipful devotees, the slavering for Domingo, Pavarotti and other nuclear accidents? These clutching fans, these howling acolytes, all these people are paid off, a claue. The opera legends and their relatives disburse handsome sums; every Verdi recording includes a coupon for a full rebate. This is the only plausible conclusion; no one would experience opera voluntarily. Opera may well be a fundamentalist plot to discredit gay men. (Don't buy the smoke screen—real homosexuals like *Gypsy*.)

BALLET: TOO, TOO TEDIOUS. Ballet may well be the most fiendish scam, as it dangles sex, teasing the unwary into infinite evenings of rotting swans and plotless stumbling. Excluding words and featuring occasionally soothing tunes, dance has the potential of being ideal moron fodder, attractive flesh paraded for our dining pleasure. But nay. The bodies are anorexic, crowned with chinless pinheads; the crotches are air-brushed, neutered in nylon. Dancers twirl and hop and pose; they avoid sex, preferring metaphor, floppy tulle and buckets of eye shadow. For most of us, movement is handy: sturdy legs can trot you to Macy's, a Stallone sequel, the corner newsstand. In ballet, movement appears both difficult and dull; standing *en pointe* is of interest only if the Mallomars are on the top shelf.

Dancers are likened to athletes, but organized sports are also a hoax, with the minor entertainment dividend of watching Olympic track stars trip. Dancers are athletes minus the good stuff—the endorsements, the urinalysis, the scratching (if Baryshnikov or Farrell ever reached down and hefted, the evening might begin). If Makarova were gifted, she'd be on *Solid Gold* in a Lurex G-string, humping the floor to Bon Jovi. She'd be at Radio City, tapping out the glory of Easter. And didn't you study *Breakin' 2*, O mighty Balanchine—why doesn't Gelsey spin on her head? (Although after reading *Dancing on My Grave*, I'm certain she has.)

Some insist that ballet exists as a girlhood phase, easing the transit from horses to bulimia. But ballet was concocted, of course, to discipline children. At Christmastime toddlers fidget, lusting for toys and treats. To calm the rumpus, parents wield a grisly stick—"If you don't behave, we're all going to *Nutcracker*." And if that doesn't work, it's *Giselle* or *Tudor* or—despite federal ordinances—the Ballet Folklórico, or any piece involving tambourines, a virgin and the pepper harvest.

Civilization is founded on hoaxes, on false fun, on educational playthings. Torch the concert halls, nuke the toe shoes, shred anything in pentameter—who'll notice? Subdivide La Scala into a multiplex, ban the Bolshoi—only art museums are allowed, as they provide gift shops. All that should remain of High Art is T-shirts, mugs and calendars. Stop faking cultural orgasm—go watch TV! ☺

THE Culture Haters' ALMANAC

HOW TO AVOID POETRY, OPERA AND BALLET

Avoid formal education after tenth grade
Avoid girls with waist-length hair
Avoid the classical annex of Tower Records
Avoid anyone with a PBS tote bag
Avoid England, France and Italy

WHAT BALLET DANCERS DO ON A DAY OFF

Go over wills of elderly admirers
Clean out shoulder bag
Rinse tights, or sell them to elderly admirers
Stretch
Smoke
Buy suede clothing
Kiss small pet dog until it smothers
Have sex with Peter Martins

WHAT OPERA SINGERS DO ON A DAY OFF

Make cookbook deal with Doubleday
Sing guest aria on Johnny Carson, bore millions
Call spouse in foreign country
Develop sore throat
Appear at White House Gershwin gala
Eat to keep strength up
Record "Ave Maria," "Hava Nagila" and "Memory"

WHAT A POETESS WANTS FOR HER BIRTHDAY

More potpourri
More Janis Ian albums
Barrettes
More Yardley English Lavender eye shadow
Lifetime subscription to Cat Fancy magazine
No more war
New clogs

ANTIDOTES

For Tannhäuser: Pee-wee's Playhouse
For The Sleeping Beauty: Dance Fever
For Ovid: crack

WHAT TO DO IF YOU LOVE
SOMEONE WHO HAS A BOX AT
THE MET, A SUBSCRIPTION TO
ABT OR A SUBSCRIPTION TO
THE SEWANEE REVIEW

Attend the ballet, but keep asking,
"How come them chicks ain't got
no jugs?"

Attend *La Bohème*; bring your dog
Kill them—shooting anyone in a
MOSTLY MOZART T-shirt is only
a misdemeanor

GOOD THINGS ABOUT BALLET

Short pieces

Gelsey having her earlobes snipped off

The hippo ballerinas in *Fantasia*

Dancers chewing gum onstage

Vicious 15-year-olds

Elderly Russian dance teachers
with gold-tipped canes, swatting
dancers' ankles

Grisly photographs of dancers' bare feet,
à la Amnesty International

Gelsey hailing a cab in leg warmers
and sable

GOOD THINGS ABOUT OPERA

Meals during intermissions

Joan Sutherland's jaw

Charles Ludlam as Callas

Death scenes, with singing

Bugs Bunny dressed as Brunhilde

A Night at the Opera

Riots following last-minute
diva cancellations

Curtain-call fistfights

Mad scenes, with bad wigs

CAREERS FOR BALLET DANCERS AFTER AGE 25

Freelance swizzle stick

Solid Gold dancer

Chorus boy behind Shirley MacLaine,
with hazard pay for getting hit with
loose skin

THANKS, POETRY, OPERA AND BALLET, FOR:

Leslie Browne's film career

White Nights

The Bell Jar

The Turning Point

Yes, *Giorgio*


Mario Lanza

Nijinsky

"Trees"

Rod McKuen 3

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NOTES IN THE DARK

by Michèle Bennett

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

HI, GIRLS! AL-though I didn't know Andy Warhol well, everyone else did. I'm not bitter, though. I guess Andy would have wanted it that way. But what would he have made of his final reviews?

"Who will ever forget Ondine, with his face buried in Joe D'Allesandro's underpants, in *Loves of Ondine*?" wrote Gary Indiana, so touchingly, in the dear old *Village Voice*. But who will ever forget Scott Burton's searing tribute to Warhol in *Art in America*? "That Day-Glo moonlight has gone out," he wrote.

"Andy left us like he used to leave par-

ties," millionaire shopkeeper Keith Haring wrote in *Details*. "He'd slip out, unnoticed." "When genius is absent from a situation," Gael Love of *Interview* added, "it's really missed." *How true!* But Steve Rubell, the hotelier and ex-con, paid his tribute in *Details* with a sense of critical perspective: "He was no god." Viva—journalist, novelist, actress, painter, mother and former Warhol superstar—thought otherwise: "Andy wasn't the 'Village Holy Man,'" she wrote in the *Voice*. "He was God Himself." "If I could, I would kiss Andy goodbye," wrote the same journalist, novelist, actress, painter, mother and former Warhol superstar, this time in *New York Woman*. "But on the other hand, like Alfalfa, he always shrank from any physical touch."

That's nice. Even Betsy Carter, *New York Woman*'s busy, busy editor in chief, got in on the act: "I was in Crazy Eddie's when I heard one of the salesmen tell another that Andy Warhol had just died. With microwaves, humidifiers, and stereo sets all being demonstrated with the same intensity, it seemed the perfect setting to hear such news. . . ."

Meanwhile, it's been lively business as

usual among the pros. That *New York Times* hunk, John Corry, has developed a nervous tic in his TV columns. Reviewing *Escape from Sobibor*, he writes: "Say now that the movie makers . . . have tried to stay faithful to their subject." Reviewing *The Jennings/Koppel Report* two weeks later, he writes: "Say immediately that if this is a new format for television news, it's just as well that we're dealing with Mr. Jennings and Mr. Koppel." Quite so! But then he writes: "But say also that 'The Jennings/Koppel Report' is an attempt at instant history..." Three days later, reviewing Richard D. Heffner's *The Open Mind* on Channel 13, he writes: "Say now that it was also one of the few times that Mr. Heffner showed his political sensibilities. . . ." And two days later, reviewing NBC's *Fast Copy*, John "You Can Say That Again" Corry writes: "Say now that 'Fast Copy' doesn't have the high style of CBS's 'West 57th.' . . ."

Go on—say it! Look at it this way. Say Corry is setting a trend among *Times* TV writers. "Say this about the Zucker brothers, Jerry and David," wrote John J. O'Connor. "They have a certain healthy perspective about the television business."

Say that no one is reading Christopher Lehmann-Haupt in the *Times*—including, say, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt and his editor. In his review of *Fast Forward*, by James Lardner, Lehmann-Haupt suddenly started calling Lardner by the name of Mr. Taylor. "Mr. Taylor's story comprises four separate but overlapping developments. . . . Mr. Taylor relates with a dramatic verve. . . . As one television critic told Mr. Taylor . . ." All in all, the mysterious Mr. Taylor gets a very good review for writing, or not writing, Mr. Lardner's book. Or say it ain't so.

Or ask yourselves whether Roger Ebert is the most self-important movie critic in the world, or merely the fattest. Here he is syndicated in the *New York Post* on the arduous assignment of covering the Cannes Film Festival: "I was jammed in next to a French journalist who was using one of those annoying little penlights to illuminate his note pad. The bright light was distracting, and I asked him not to use it." French critic: "I am a critic! I take notes! After all, this is a press screening!" Which sounds reasonable to me. "I am a critic too, monsieur," replied Ebert, a linguist. "Take your notes in the dark. The flashlight distracts

me." Frenchman: "You must learn to concentrate." Ebert: "How would you like it if I flashed a light in your eyes during the movie?" Frenchman: "Shut up!" But Ebert gives himself the last witty word: "Amateur!" Oooh, *that* was telling him. But of course, it is "Fats" Ebert who reveals himself to be the amateur, in his typically blustering way.

Can anyone tell me what the following means? It is from *Cineaste*, "America's leading magazine on the art and politics of the cinema." Reviewer John Belton, critiquing a must-read book entitled *Reflexivity in Film and Literature: From Don Quixote to Jean-Luc Godard*, by Robert Stam, opens with these wise words: "Reflexivity and transparency would seem to be antithetical concepts; an art work is either self-reflexive or transparent, not both. Indeed, current neoformalist studies of the cinema tend to harden the distinction between modernist films which foreground their narrative and esthetic devices and classical Hollywood cinema which effaces its own practices in an attempt to deliver seamless narratives to a vast public."

All clear? Praise be for the solid unpretentiousness of *GQ* food reviewer William Rice, who tells it exactly like it is: "We often read of comebacks by sports heroes, movie stars and politicians, who return triumphant after having been eclipsed by rivals." And here's the point: "Yet the comeback of the decade," enthuses Rice, "perhaps even of the century, belongs to salad." To *salad*? Of the *century*? But Rice explains all: "No other food has made itself so chic, so 'today.' . . ." Another *GQ* slave columnist, book reviewer Mordecai Richler, rose above the miraculous recovery powers of salad with his opening confessional words: "Sometimes I feel that I'm not earning my keep." Morbid Mordecai continues, "Other columns in this journal tell you how to invest your money, what to eat, how to dress and where to shop, but all you ever get from this corner is opinion." Look at another *GQ* writer, Jean Gonick, who doesn't give us opinion as much as a review of her own fascinating life.

"Okay," Gonick writes. "I'm a little tired and cranky, too, but I have been since I was 18. I never expected life to work out exceedingly well; I don't think most women do." Oh, really? But Ms. Gonick is in her tasteful stride. "I men-

struated on a white pleated skirt at my high-school graduation; did I expect a smooth road ahead? For women, life is a series of leaking tampons." That about sums it up, I guess.

Esquire's John Gregory Dunne, on the other hand, is a reviewer who greatly values opinions, particularly his own. The trouble is, he's a bigger bore than Roger Ebert. "A few years ago—Christmas 1979, to be exact," begins his May column, "*The Chicago Tribune's Book World* asked me and a number of other worthies (Nelson Algren and Truman Capote, for openers) what books we would give for Christmas presents." So far, so slow. But the name-dropping Dunne continues: "Now I don't give Christmas presents; my wife and I have been married for more years than I care to remember, and we have never exchanged presents, not for Christmas, not for birthdays, not for anniversaries—no organized holiday giving." What a fun couple they seem to be. The generous-hearted, unpedantic Dunne goes on, "But I took the question to mean what books I would give for Christmas in the event I was in the habit of giving books for Christmas. . . ." In the event, or not in the event, as events turned out, of Dunne being kind enough to give his dour wife, Joan Didion, or anyone else anything for Christmas—who cares?

Take heart: the summer holidays are with us again. As you go forth in search of relaxation, culture and the today food—namely, salad—I leave you with this profound thought. Which is that all culture happily recycles itself, like the seasons. Consider Janet Maslin's review in *The New York Times* of the Spalding Gray-Jonathan Demme film *Swimming to Cambodia*. One day a *Times* columnist named Sydney Schanberg wrote a story for *The New York Times Magazine* about his friend Dith Pran and the Vietnam War, which became a book, which became a movie, which was called *The Killing Fields*, which was used as the basis for a theater piece, or performance art, by Spalding Gray, which was called *Swimming to Cambodia*, which became a book, which became a movie, which was called *Swimming to Cambodia*, which was reviewed by Janet Maslin in the *Times*. There the cycle ends, unless Janet Maslin begins it again with her Collected Criticism, to be called *Waving, Not Drowning, or Am I Just a Prawn in the Game?* ☸

DREGS

OF THE HAMPTONS

by Joe Queenan

TOPIC
A

ONE MORNING IN May I awoke from troubled sleep, dragged on my clothes and dashed downstairs, crying to my wife, "Do you real-

ize that there are gorgeous summer homes in East Hampton going for \$27,500 for the season—with some flexibility in the price—but *no one's rented them yet?*"

"Yes," she replied, "though I would have been dumbfounded by that information if I hadn't overheard you talking to all those real estate agents yesterday. You'd better hurry if you're going to catch the Jitney. I'll bet those undervalued contemporaries and traditionals, many with pools, are going fast."

They weren't, actually. I spent that entire afternoon visiting the East Hampton realty orphanage: misfit summer homes that for some reason hadn't been rented. All but one of the houses were in the \$25,000-for-the-season range, which seems like a lot of money to me but probably doesn't seem like a lot of money to people who have a lot of money. However much money it is, it isn't enough to get you anything special in East Hampton.

House No. 1 was a generic gray wood-frame structure with pool, at some remove from the village proper. Within earshot was a house where I noticed a pair of suspiciously Dukes-of-Hazzard-ish young men. Even the Hamptons must have their greasers, for somebody has to pump gas and ring up the caviar. But at \$27,500 a crack, who wants unfashionable cretins for neighbors?

House No. 2 seemed fine at first glance, exuding that aura of reassuring sterility one associates with summer, the Museum of Modern Art and the *Times* Living Section. But even before I laid eyes on the cool, \$27,500-a-season, two-story building with fenced-in pool, the address tipped me off to why it hadn't been rented already. Dune Alpin Drive? Condo City.

Dune Alpin Drive wasn't anywhere near the beach. The house was planted in the middle of a potato field near East Hampton where a lot of other summer residences were being built. The agent called the field a meadow, but meadows are in England. It could get hot out there in the middle of the field in the middle of the summer with no shade trees. Worse, the house was close to a new house with a half-finished pool. Which meant that I might (hypothetically) have to spend the entire summer protecting my daughter from construction workers. She's got cute little legs that just won't stop and talks the kind of jive trash the Messrs. Rambo love. She's three.

The house did, however, abut a horse farm.



House No. 3, going for \$25,000, was in Amagansett. It was a wood-frame contemporary with a pool and a spare room for menials. On the second story, however, I noticed that the railing was a bit flimsy and kind of low, not unlike the suicide-accommodating wall at the Guggenheim. This was odd, since there was abundant evidence that a family with children lived there. I told the agent that the house was unacceptable because my son could easily plunge over the rail. (Nothing will ruin a vacation more than a child's untimely death; I've asked friends.)

House No. 4, set in the homelier, residential section of East Hampton away from the beach, was \$18,000. This was probably because it had no privacy. The agent assured me that the neighborhood was quiet, but a man out back was doing something with a bizarre gardening appliance that I wanted no part of.

House No. 5 (\$30,000) was the closest to the beach and was technically in the

spiffiest section of East Hampton Village. It had a lot of dark wood paneling and was not especially summery. There were several children's rooms, but the owners didn't want children under eight in their house. Neither do I, but I've got two of them. The house also had a large pink ceramic pig, and it was the sight of the pig that alerted me to the single element uniting all these summer homes in their universal lack of appeal: the art.

Thinking back, I recalled that the first home had a pair of terrifying abstract paintings prominently displayed. The second juxtaposed De Kooning prints with porcelain bunnies, enamel marsupials and aquatic creatures in various media. What looked like a box of chocolates sat on the kitchen table. I tried eating one, but it was plastic. The zaniness never stops on Dune Alpin Drive.

Another house had dozens of framed copies of vintage *Playbills* hanging in the bedrooms and laundry room. It would have been a long, hot summer looking at that sinister collection (*Mame*, *Hello, Dolly!*, *The Music Man*, *The Pajama Game*).

House No. 5 had a crocheted Van Gogh and what I took to be a macramé Maurice Utrillo. But House No. 4 was the most unnerving. When we entered, there was a half-full glass of water on the table right next to that day's *Wall Street Journal*. The agent expressed surprise and said that the owners must have just stepped out, but I didn't believe her. I was sure they were cowering in the basement, fearful that they would be called on the carpet and asked whose idea it was to paint the master bedroom lavender and the toilet bowl lime-green. Most alarming of all was an extensive display of chilling amateur photography: animal tracks on the beach, sea gulls at sunset and, of course, a contemplative patriarch gazing out to sea. Perhaps he was asking himself, "What is the meaning of life?" More likely he was asking himself, "How the hell am I going to unload this place for \$18,000?"

In all, I learned a lot on my little junket. I learned that I don't have nearly enough money to rent a summer home in the Hamptons, and that even if I did have it, it wouldn't get me much. Even in my fantasies I've been priced out of the market. But East Hampton is a nice place to spend the afternoon, so I can't wait to go back and see what I wouldn't want to rent even if I could afford it next summer. ☹

HOW TO FLOG LITERATURE

by Howard Kaplan

PUBLISHING

YOU'VE JUST PUBLISHED your first novel to rave reviews, and now the publicity department wants you to go out on the road and

sell yourself. What will you say to the dreary interviewers who come knocking? Well, just as every novelist's sweat smells the same, so should your answers be the same as the next guy's. In short—save your originality for the next book.

As a friend of literature, SPY offers here a compendium of stock lines for the young novelist flogging his wares for the first time, as practiced and perfected in the field.

The reviews of your new novel have all stressed the resemblance between you and the main character. Is it safe to assume that the material is autobiographical?

"Well, many of the events parallel my own life. But I don't think Isadora is me. . . . Isadora did all the things I didn't do because I was sitting behind my desk writing."—Erica Jong, on *Fear of Flying*

"If I really were that character, I would never have been able to write the book."—Jay McInerney, on *Bright Lights, Big City* or:

"I'm not writing autobiography, but it's a good sign when people think I am; you want it so believable to the readers that they think it really happened."—William Wharton

"That reaction is sort of insulting. But sometimes I take it as a compliment—that people were so persuaded by that voice that they thought it had to be real."—Bret Easton Ellis, on *Less Than Zero*



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Are you a modern writer? That is, do you see your work as part of certain current trends in fiction?

"I think I've got more old-fashioned aims in mind.... I'd like to take the novel back to the nineteenth century."
—Fernanda Eberstadt

"I follow the form of the nineteenth-century novel.... I'm old-fashioned, a storyteller."—John Irving

"I'm a nineteenth-century writer. I'm unfashionable, but I can't help it."
—Lynne Sharon Schwartz

Really, it's as if you'd come right out of the oral tradition. What kind of influences shaped you as a writer?

"It was Grandmother's storytelling."
—Stratis Haviaras

"She [my grandmother] was always telling me stories."—Isabel Allende

"My grandmother lived in the United States for over 60 years and she was consistently awed by the place, but what she loved most was telling stories about her old village."—Max Apple

Excluding your grandmother, who was your favorite childhood author?

"I was brought up on the works of Dickens, which my father fed me from the age of seven."—Anita Brookner

"My father was a bad-tempered, morose man, but he used to read me Dickens as a child and tell me stories."
—Beryl Bainbridge

"My mother read very well aloud. All through my childhood she read aloud to us every night from Dickens."
—Vance Bourjaily

Critics have accused you of everything from sentimentality to salaciousness—of having, in short, a mass-market sensibility. How would you answer those charges?

"I am glad to say that Dickens was accused of sentimentality and, by God, he lives on!"—Edna O'Brien

"Just as I'm sure Dickens liked making people's mouths water at a description of food in *A Christmas Carol*, why shouldn't I make their mouths water occasionally about sex?"—D. M. Thomas

"What I do is entertain people—that's all that Dickens ever did."
—Michael Crichton

How old were you when you first knew that you wanted to be a writer?

"I've been writing since the age of nine."—Julio Cortázar

"I never wanted to be anything else since about nine."—Alice Munro

"I really started to think of myself as a writer when I was about nine."
—E. L. Doctorow



Do you ever turn real people into imaginary characters?

"I saw a lady in a bar, a small lady with a plump mouth...and she would smile all the time. Watching her, I knew I'd use that smile in a story sometime."
—Ernest J. Gaines

"While you're in the midst of a story, so many things in your daily life seem to apply to it—you see something on the bus and think how you can use it."
—Eudora Welty

"Everything you see and read, every gesture, every piece of clothing you see on somebody—you're always thinking of how you can use it."
—Fernanda Eberstadt

How would you sum up the overriding themes of your novels?

"Well, the books have to stand for themselves. I can't speak for them."
—Don Carpenter

"I don't like questions of explication: What did I mean by this or that?—I want

the books to speak for themselves."
—Bernard Malamud

"I have really tried not to run along and explain—'But what I really meant was this or that.' Eventually there is the book and the reader—and that's all there is to it."—William Gaddis

Well, in this reader's opinion, the theme of alienation seems to run through your work. How do you see yourself in relation to society?

"I have always been a loner."
—May Sarton

"I've always been a loner."
—E. L. Doctorow

"I have always been a complete loner."
—Brian Moore

What would you be if you hadn't been a writer?

"I tried everything, including [a job with] the Jamaica police. I have been driven to writing by sheer ineptitude."
—Lawrence Durrell

"Writing was just sort of a process of elimination. I don't have tremendous skills in a tremendous number of areas."—Ann Beattie

"I was fired and rehired four times [from *Argosy* magazine]. Maybe that's one reason I'm a writer—I couldn't hold a job doing anything else."—Robert Crichton

Last question. Is the writer's life as romantic as it's made out to be?

"My life is very quiet, dull, bourgeois."
—E. L. Doctorow

"My nature is orderly and observant and scrupulous, and deeply introverted, so life wherever I attempt it turns out to be claustral. *Live like the bourgeois*, Flaubert suggested."—Joyce Carol Oates

"I could not have lived in Bohemia or lived the life of a renegade or a pariah, but I think my works have been nonetheless revolutionary in their own way and certainly anti-establishment. I have... that famous line from Flaubert tacked to my wall: BE REGULAR AND ORDERLY IN YOUR LIFE LIKE A BOURGEOIS...."
—William Styron 3

CORPORATE PROSE AND CONS

by Celeste de Brunhoff

WALL
STREET

THE AVERAGE "Letter to Stockholders" in the average annual report is a swag-gering bit of puffery. It steps out confidently

from beneath the requisite picture of The White-Haired Chairman (shown patting an anti-aircraft weapon or a beaker of particularly noxious chemicals) and closes with praise for the company's employees by way of corporal metaphor (*our heart; our backbone; our scaly exoskeleton*).

In between, the message is might. *We are mighty, we have been mighty for 87 years, and in the future—barring govern-*

ment intervention or fluctuations in certain of the more obscure consumer indices—we will become ever so much more mighty.

You are as likely to find frank discussion of a company's failures in these letters as you are to find a tip of the hat to Karl Marx. But sometimes a company has screwed up so vividly and, worse, so publicly that it has no choice but to address the problem in print. Financial news this dire is like death—it means that people get fired and everyone has to order lunch in so they can keep working to *get on top of the problem*—and it provokes the classic portfolio of reactions to death, at least in the annual report. For those whose recollections of Kübler-Ross on death are a little hazy, the usual reactions include *shock, anger and blame, fear, despair and denial*.

The casual reader/investor might find that advanced lit. crit. skills are required to decipher expressions of *fear, despair or denial* in corporate prose. But *shock, anger and blame*—those messy, splattery emotions—are relatively easy to spot.

For example: When a Union Carbide plant showered Bhopal, India, with poison gaseous methyl isocyanate in December 1984, killing 1,600, the company

wrote in its annual report that "shocked and saddened by the news, Carbiders everywhere also found it difficult to believe that their company was the one in the headlines." (That's *shock* and a hint of *denial*.) Texaco, still steaming after a Texas appeals court upheld \$9.1 billion of an \$11.1 billion judgment for Pennzoil in the notorious dispute that followed Texaco's purchase of Getty Oil, blamed the "erroneous and widely criticized Texas court judgment against Texaco Inc., which threatens confidence in our legal system if it is not reversed." (*Anger and blame*.)

E. F. Hutton, whose broker-dealer subsidiary pleaded guilty in May 1985 to a massive check-kiting scheme, admitted in its report that "within the firm, the plea... produced shock, anguish, and anger." (An easy one: *shock* and *anger*.) After remarking on the firm's customarily high ethical standards, Hutton also allowed that it was "chagrined that those standards were breached." (Just as *personnel reductions* means "layoffs and firings," and *increasingly competitive marketplace* means "Help!," so *chagrined* is corporatese for "deeply and abidingly humiliated.")

Notably absent from these reluctant

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- 2) Who performed the theme song?
- 3) "Secret Agent" had a different name in England. What was it?
- 4) Where was Patrick McGoochan born?

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admissions of failure are manifestations of fear or despair. That's because fearful, despairing stockholders sell their stock. To ward off that eventuality, companies rigorously practice the most classic response to death: *denial*.

Last year Gerber had a problem with broken glass in some of its baby-food jars but, believing itself blameless, sent out an annual report with only extraordinarily oblique references to the problem. Chairman William McKinley noted airily that "this year certainly was one of challenge to your company." To be sure, the company insisted, "The glass jar and tamper-evident vacuum seal combination continue to provide the best available consumer benefit..." (*Extreme denial*.)

Another popular ploy is to apply a Band-Aid to a gushing hemorrhage (to appropriate the employees-as-bodily-organs analogy). General Dynamics chairman Stanley Pace tells stockholders that "in 1986, we spent an unusual amount of time in improving our administrative performance. We did this to avoid the vulnerabilities which permitted the criticisms of our administrative practices in recent years." Not until page 32, under NOTES TO CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL STATEMENTS, does someone who hasn't been reading the newspaper get the full story: General Dynamics, it seems, was being investigated by federal agencies for alleged improper cost overruns, private use of corporate aircraft and bribery.

As you may have noticed, these letters are not prose poems. But the clumsy grammar is a deft denial stratagem; chairmen use the active voice to link their company with accomplishment ("We increased our earnings significantly") and the vague passive voice to distance their company from failure ("It was decided that there would be a charge against earnings because our subsidiary, impacted by economic factors, was found to be performing at below-expectation levels").

A. H. Robbins, beleaguered and bankrupt because of litigations arising from a variety of problems with its Dalkon Shield IUD, last year sent out a report that skillfully discussed a litany of failures, firings and resignations. The company's treatment of an episode in which it was held in contempt of court was unusually masterful: "A regrettable aspect of the year's Chapter 11 proceedings was the lengthy investigation which followed the filing of a motion seeking to

have the Company and certain of its representatives held in contempt.... [The government] sought these sanctions as a result of the disclosure by the Company early in the year that the Company had made certain payments to various pre-petition creditors.

"Management stated that the payments had been made on the advice of its counsel at the time [who were later fired], and in the belief they were proper."

Who did these things? *The Company*. Who makes decisions for the Company? *Management*. Who makes decisions for Management? It couldn't be the chairman, could it? *Oh, no. There used to be someone around here who made decisions, but he died about ten years ago...*

Similarly vague is Morton Thiokol chairman Charles Locke's acknowledgment of the firm's connection to the space shuttle *Challenger*: "Our sense of accomplishment in reporting fiscal 1986 record sales... is sadly diminished by the January 28th Space Shuttle tragedy and the loss of seven brave astronauts. All of us at Morton Thiokol feel a sense of personal bereavement.

"We support our country's commitment to the continuation and resurgence of the shuttle program.... I am enthused about the exploration of space and honored that Morton Thiokol is a part of it." (*O-rings? What O-rings?*)

The second paragraph of Morton Thiokol's letter is a weak knockoff of the best efforts of the silver-lining school. E. F. Hutton also scrounged for the bright side of having to pay a \$2.75 million fine for its check-kiting dealings in 1985: "In corporate affairs as in financial markets, a setback sometimes lays the foundation for a strong advance.... We learned a harsh lesson, and Hutton is a better company today because of it." Uh-huh.

This unseemly dissembling to preserve public confidence must pain Hutton chairman Robert Fomon. Clearly the least embarrassing way to handle disaster is to foresightedly remain a private company. Then you can follow the example of (private company) Drexel Burnham Lambert: everyone expects their top officers to be indicted for various breaches of securities laws, their reputation has plunged dizzyingly, and yet they maintain the right to crash and burn in private. They don't ever have to explain themselves to stockholders, employees or public-spirited critics like me. ☺

DYNAMITE, ROSES AND ZEAL

by Luc Sante



THE LAST TIME this column went out to get its mail, it found in the tenement vestibule a small pile of pamphlets. This came as no

surprise, since the zealots at various local Chinese take-outs regularly bombard the place with culinary propaganda. This time, however, the literature emanated from Bayside, "the Lourdes of America," and prominently featured a "miraculous photo" of a statue of the Virgin Mary that stands near Flushing Meadow. What made it miraculous were streaks of light running horizontally through the composition—indisputable evidence of miraculous candles or flashlights being transported across the nocturnal picture plane. The sheet's considerable text summarized messages addressed by the aforementioned heavenly personage to one Mrs. Veronica Lueken, of Queens, over the past 18 years.

These messages have run the full course of topics now de rigueur for all religious proselytizing: warnings about the satanic industries of rock music, witchcraft and feminism; dark invocations of the specter of communism; dire predictions of World War III. In addition, mention is made of a "Chastising comet" that will collide with and take out a large chunk of the Earth—a subtheme absent from fanatical literature since the short-lived Kohoutek panic of 1973. Such more or less interdenominational froth is buttressed by more traditional Roman Catholic tangibles, such as medals, scapulars, curative waters and sacred rose petals. This column gravely considered the matter and filed the pamphlet in the appropriate dossier, somewhere between "Louis Farrakhan" and "The Posse Comitatus," in anticipation of more flamboyant public-relations displays.

There was not long to wait. The Virgin of Bayside, it was soon revealed, had cho-

sen to speak through Dennis John Malvasi, the man of many faces who now stands accused of having bombed four abortion clinics in New York City over the past year and a half. Somewhere in the course of his varied life Malvasi had gravitated toward the quasi-Catholic cult, heeding the revelations manifested through the rotund, heaven-gazing Veronica Lueken: the spinning sun, the flight of luminous doves, the changing of rosaries into gold, the presence of Satan at the Second Vatican Council. Veronica Lueken had said, *Woe unto abortionists and abortion seekers*, calling the procedure "a sacrilege of the most foul manner" and "punishable by death."

The idea of saving fetuses by murdering adult women no doubt has its roots in the murk somewhere beyond the Bluebeard legend, being taken up later by such notables as Landru and the Zodiac Killer, but they all lacked ideological formation. Lately, however, the combined influence of splatter movies and charismatic evangelists has given the kill-women-to-save-fetuses notion a philosophical base. Thus it is that deeply religious persons in the heartland have been inspired to plant bombs in women's health clinics at various times in the past decade or so, with consequent loss of life and limb. These murders and attempted murders have been mostly concentrated in places beloved of God, like Pensacola, Florida. It took Dennis John Malvasi, allegedly, to bring the holy war to impious New York.

Malvasi is an interesting candidate for the job. He was born seventh in a family of 12 largely unwanted children and grew up in an orphanage, being readmitted into his family on the eve of his adolescence. He then lived in the East New York slums until he joined the Marines and went to Vietnam, where he was traumatized by events in the wake of the Tet Offensive. On his return he proceeded directly to Avenue A and joined an acting workshop, eventually becoming an early member of the Vietnam Veterans Ensemble Theatre Company. For years he both worked as a professional actor and fluttered around the fringes of the Christian-survivalist underworld. He possessed identification in various names, wrote bad checks, bought guns, attempted to buy guns fraudulently—nothing extraordinary. Somewhere along the line he also became a licensed pyrotechnician; he par-



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D.N.M.D., because if you couldn't read, you wouldn't be reading this ad.

ticipated in the New York Harbor war games of last July 4.

It is alleged that Malvasi's training enabled him to plant a powder-filled tube that burst into flame in the Manhattan Women's Medical Center on December 10, 1985; a bomb powered by half a stick of dynamite that blew out the windows of the Eastern Women's Center on October 29, 1986; a bomb involving three sticks of dynamite that was defused (after an anonymous tip) at the Queens Women's Medical Office on November 11; and a bomb laden with 15 sticks of dynamite, the incendiary device of which went off prematurely at Planned Parenthood's Margaret Sanger Center on December 14. Within this last bomb police investigators found a medal of Saint Benedict, which would ultimately be traced to the Lourdes of America in Bayside.

The first path that led to Malvasi, however, was the provenance of the dynamite. On February 19, 1987, the police announced his identity and distributed his photograph. Four days later John Cardinal O'Connor, the publicity-conscious archbishop of New York, appeared on TV to persuade his communicant to turn himself in. The following day Malvasi heeded the call of his shepherd and appeared in the local office of the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, stooping and wearing both sunglasses and an eyepatch. It is not recorded whether he adopted a foreign accent as well.

Malvasi is scheduled to come to trial just about now, facing an eleven-count indictment and a possible combined sentence of 90 years. He is expected to plead insanity. If he does, the blame will be laid on the scars of combat, and his deeds will be categorized as another extreme example of posttraumatic stress disorder. To be logical about it, however, an accurate judgment would then have to establish that insanity is a communicable disease, since while Malvasi may have been unhinged by circumstance, he cannot be said to have hatched his own motive. The search for an ultimate guilty party would involve people arriving in the criminal-court dock by the busload to plead insanity: all the members of the vast, centuries-old conspiracy against women who are not virgins and whose mates are other than the Holy Ghost. But a shower of rose petals from heaven seems a more likely occurrence. ☺

PLAY'S

THE THING

by Ellis Weiner

HOW TO
BE A
GROWN-
UP

WHO AMONG US has not gotten drunk on some crappy red wine, gone to "Rio Bahia '84" at the Hollywood Palladium one February evening and, surrounded by a clutch of more uptight revelers gazing on with unconcealed admiration, spun clumsily in a madcap, triumphantly stupid circle while swinging around over his head, like a lariat, a 100 percent polyester powder-blue vest-with-tails bought secondhand for five bucks and worn "ironically" as part of a mix 'n' match costume?

It was perhaps the most spontaneous thing I've done in ten years, and was accompanied every lurch of the way by the unshakable thought, *Look, Ma! No inhibitions!* A woman in the crowd—not my mother, and in fact unknown to me—caught my glazed eye with a stern look of admonition and a shake of the head, meaning *Stop that*. Immediately, as though tendering proof of my independence of spirit and stubborn tenacity of will, I stopped. It turned out that she took exception to the fact that I was, in my ecstatic twirling of the garment, swatting random bystanders in the face. (Go understand people, as Alex Portnoy, king of the inhibited uninhibitionists, once said.) Total Estimated Time of Dionysian Abandon: a convenient eight seconds.

But while it lasted, and to the extent that there was an "it" that did last, it was great. I "enjoyed myself"—a weird term, vaguely masturbatory and pure eighties. "*You know, baby,*" sighs the narcissist, "*when I'm with you, I really enjoy myself.*" Note the existential implications: the self, normally a burden (I know *mine* is), becomes something that, for once, one "enjoys."

New York is full of activities and objects, the consumption of which is supposed to help one enjoy oneself. They jog the gamut, from Katz's to *Cats*—and all,

alas, in vain. Few things are as frenzied and as futile, as the pursuit of satisfactory fun. True pleasure, as the notoriously fuddy-duddy father of *Cats* said about poetry, lies not in the expression of personality but in escape from it, i.e., not in "enjoying oneself" but in forgetting oneself—a notion hilarious in its quaintness and pathetic in its naïveté when applied to contempo, contemptible New York. (*New York*, unless otherwise noted, refers to Manhattan, Brooklyn Heights and Park Slope, assuming I still live in the latter upon publication.) One would as soon expect to see a brontosaurus playing bongos at Chanterelle as a New Yorker willingly suppressing his me-first impulses in this Era of Feeling Good.

People dance, attend the theater, enjoy



fine dining, play sports, have sex and probably even brush their teeth with one eye firmly fixed upon the figure they cut, the impression they create. Modesty, self-effacement, dedication to ideals: to these qualities New York cheerfully gives the back of its pinkie-ringed hand and murmurs, *Hey. You. Douche bag. Out.*

Thus the grown-up strives mightily to have fun but ends up watching himself enjoying himself. Not so children: they are able to *play*, at which time their "selves"—wispy pink tufts of psychic cotton candy that melt at the slightest distraction—disappear. Children don't enjoy themselves: they enjoy everything else.

And we enjoy them—but only insofar as we can pry our attention away from ourselves and our fellow adults. You don't have to be Freud (and, as it happens, you can't be Freud, since Freud himself was Freud) to believe that the root of most adult enjoyment is sexual, and that even the solitary admirer of Art, strolling pen-

sively through the Metropolitan Museum's latest blockbuster exhibit ("Treasures of the Sierra Madre: Six Hundred Years of Mexican Topsoil"), is performing an act of sublimated sexual display. Did I say *even*? I meant *especially*.

But here comes a busload of youngsters, flooding through the gallery with their jabber and punching and laughter. Gone, at once, is all possibility of flirtation, coy self-regard, chic posturing—of seduction in all its guises. The kids aren't looking. They don't care. Nothing we have to sell in the marketplace of adult interaction appeals to them. Instead, they embarrass us with their manic Be-Here-Nowishness. (Most of us. Not included are those self-adoring idiots for whom even other people's children are an occasion for swagger. I'm thinking of the handsome, vigorous nitwit with whom we recently shared a flight from Seattle to New York. As we debarked at La Guardia he trundled down the aisle while I waited with wife and child for the plane to empty. Nathaniel, age eight months, sat on my lap by the aisle, smiling at the passing parade of unfamiliar faces. The fellow in question paused to smile back.

"So long, little skipper!" he chuckled, a self-satisfied smirk playing about his manly visage. Then, pleased with himself for having established rapport with a baby, he smartly turned to continue on his way, causing his ten-ton shoulder bag to swing like a wrecking ball and miss by inches crushing the infant's skull.)

Children, the fruit of sex, banish it with their presence. The two unsexiest words in the English language are *family fun*. Ask any teen stuck with his or her parents on vacation. But what if family fun is the only *real* fun? What if all the ostensibly more adult pleasures—getting drunk on crappy red wine and swatting strangers in the face with a polyester vest to a throbbing samba beat, for example—are actually ways of searching for an oblivion that is by definition impossible to find?

Then we're all in trouble. And, in fact, we are all in trouble. Thus the perpetual need for sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, red wine and João Nogueira and Carnival. Finally, when one is sated, hung over and aware of that faintly dirty feeling in one's soul that inevitably follows self-indulgence—then a bit of family fun. What could be more grown-up than deferring to a child? ☺

GIRL TALK

by T. S. Lord



BOY, AM I OUT OF it. The other day I went to a Bill Blass fashion show—the old-fashioned, girly-lunch type. And I couldn't figure out what was going on. I haven't been to a fashion show since 1968 (a Junior Miss kind of a deal at Saks Fifth Avenue in New Jersey). So this Blass shindig was quite an experience. It's hard to believe that there are still women in New York who can spend three hours in the middle of the day at a fashion show—and that there are enough of them to *pack* the Pierre ballroom. Even Ivana Trump, who has a high-powered job running an Atlantic City casino, put in an appearance. Of course, the professional lunch ladies made up the vast majority of the benefit committee (proceeds went to New York Hospital): Nan Kempner, Susan Gutfreund, Pat Buckley, Carroll Petrie. Even Bess Myerson was there, but then, she doesn't have much to do these days, outside of occasionally refusing to testify. Also in attendance, because she was somehow running the show, was Martha Phillips, the ancient Park Avenue shopkeeper. The program called her "the legendary Martha of the haute monde."

Anyhow, I love this fashion-lunch concept. First everyone mills around sipping kir royales while chubby Bill Blass grins and poses with his favorite gals. Then everyone eats lobster and chicken salad, and two women of indeterminate name try to give a meaningful presentation on the mammoth importance of New York Hospital. But absolutely not one soul is listening, because everyone is catching up on gossip, and you just can't *believe* the din in the room. A din, I think, means that everyone's having a great time except the two women who are trying to be heard.

Then there was a raffle, and some of

the prizes were totally awesome. One prize, a consultation with a decorator, got rewarded twice because the first woman to win it was the decorator's best friend and the second was moving to Montana (where decorating, the implication seemed to be, was irrelevant). But the funniest moment was when Nan Kempner won a make-over. Talk about bringing coals to Newcastle. (She didn't return it, as far as I know.) Each winning ticket was selected by a celebrity, announced by little Bernadette Castro Guida, the sofa-bed heiress. As a prize-picker, Bess Myerson got a mixed reaction from the crowd. I did notice, though, that some of the very women who had *tsk-tsked* later shrieked, "Bess, So good to see you! You look *wonderful*!"

Anyway, up to that point I understood what was going on. It was the fashion show part that perplexed me.

Bill Blass, I think it is fair to say, is the ultimate Establishment designer. He's someone on whom Nancy the K and Nancy the R can depend for highly appropriate clothing. Ladylike. Safe, even. So what comes bouncing down his runway? Would you believe very, *very* short tentish dresses that look like maternity minis? Fat fur around the rumps of short, short dresses that Doris Day might have worn in 1970? Poufed jobs draped with ribbons? Sound familiar?

The really amazing thing was that a couple of times, a lot of the ladies hissed. Actually hissed! Only once did I notice any applause for a mini. The biggest hand-felt approval was reserved for long, sumptuous evening numbers. Can the ladies who lunch and the ladies who buy be *rejecting* the heavily advertised eighties-think mini? Maybe the baby-boomers and not-so-baby-boomers feel too old now for short? Maybe they don't want to have their kneecaps surgically removed? I'm confused.

Don't get me wrong. I know the minis have hit the streets; I have eyes. It's not that I mind miniskirts. It's just that I'd mind them on Leona Helmsley.

HAVE YOU NOTICED THE NEW VOGUE for bragging about your cosmetic surgery? It used to be that women would skulk off somewhere for a face-lift, then hide out for two weeks "on vacation," and when they came out of hiding, everyone would tell them how well rested they looked. I

remember once being at Louis-Guy D', the hairdresser, years ago and Louis got into a fight with a customer and told her he could see the stitch marks behind her ears. It was the worst insult he could think of. Now what happens? You go to a Bill Blass girlie fashion lunch and you hear one woman shouting to another across the room, "Norma! Guess what! I'm getting my eyes done next week!" And Norma exclaims, "You won't regret it! I had mine done and I love it!" You go to a dinner party—this is a true story from recent history—and a socialite regales everyone with a graphic two-hour description of her lipo-suction, including pulling up her skirt to show off her flat tummy. Now, I ask you. The socialite also said that Dr. Lipo-sucker told her that Elizabeth Taylor didn't really lose all that much weight, she just got lipo-sucked over every inch of her body. (What is it about dating George Hamilton that drives women to drastic physical reform? Remember Lynda Bird?) But at least Liz doesn't go around *talking* about her body-vacuum job all the time.

WHAT SEEMS TO BE UNFASHIONABLE now, thank heavens, is talking about *relationships* and *feelings*. The notable exception is Calvin Klein, who oogle-googled all over his new wife, Kelly Rector (who has a horse named Fur Balloon), in the pages of the thin yet glossy magazine that goes in for that sort of thing.

And by the way, would someone do me a favor and remove the word *spa* from the vernacular? At least temporarily: I don't mind the concept, I mind the *word*. I swear a recent issue of *Vogue* used it 40 times, and they always seem to insist on putting an exclamation point after it. (As long as beauty editors get free trips to the joints, I guess we're stuck with the word in magazines.) The other day I got a mailing for something called Perfect Presents by Suzy, Ltd. (Any relation to the embalmed blond lady of the *New York Post*?) Which wants to sell me a "luxury SPA basket" that's going to "pamper, restore, and relax" me with, among other things, a "rich terry SPA-sheet." I hear that a Japanese company is going to open a chain of Japanese-style spas across the country. I enjoy those little sushi-bar hot towels now and then, but as a \$3,000-a-week way of life? Maybe they'll call it Benispana. Or maybe not. ☹

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE HORRID

by Taki

10021

IF YOU THINK comedy is dead, you should have been with me at this year's White House correspondents' dinner in Washington.

Ronald Reagan congratulating *The Washington Post*'s Bob Woodward was as amusing a two-man routine as any I have witnessed in years. Surely our president was never the B-movie actor his detractors say he was. He does so have a feel for light comedy.

Nancy wasn't bad, either. Although that glazed, fetuslike stare of hers is off-putting, she managed to appear happy that her husband was honoring people who wouldn't know the difference between a Galanos and a Stavropoulos, or between a Zipkin and a Zilkha.

The dinner is an annual event, and as Suzy would say in one of her bootlicking syndicated gossip columns, *everyone who is anyone* in the nation's capital was there. The fun began just before we sat down to dinner, when I observed my host, *The Washington Times*'s Arnaud de Borchgrave, trying not to introduce Ambassador Han Xu, from the People's Republic of China, to Adolfo Calero, the contra leader who at the moment is sulking in his tent. But the diplomat insisted upon the introduction, so I did the honors, which helped move everyone to dinner sooner than expected.

After-dinner entertainment was provided by the spectacle of numerous reporters trying to get close to Fawn Hall, who, by the way, seemed only to have eyes for the sainted ex-editor of London's *Spectator*, Alexander Chancellor.

The sight of journalists trying to act like gentlemen is always amusing, but the fun is somewhat diminished these days because nobody in the capital drinks anymore and Washington closes up patheti-

Party



A REAL, YOU KNOW, CLASS AFFAIR: Queens-born casino operator Donald Trump (below right) and Trump look-alike comedian Rip Taylor (below) have been awarded the titles, respectively, of East Coast and West Coast King in the International Make-a-Fish-Face Competition.



RAPID

THE EYE MOVEMENT MOVEMENT: Bored stiff by the company, these luminaries have perfected the art of sleeping while getting free publicity. *Below left:* Sex-magazine editor Helen Gurley Brown props up supine sex-book writer Erica Jong for the cameras. *Below:* Mikhail Baryshnikov stares impolitely as Blythe Danner drifts off. *Below right:* Art boy Gary Indiana tells snoozing Susan Sontag about the last time he saw Andy.



PAWS: Left, spotty eleventh-hour altruist and bulldog buff Milton Petrie tries the old *I'll guess your weight by spanning your waist with my hands* line on Washington socialite Georgette Mosbacher.

Right: Miriam Bendahan, favorite freakish clothing designer of the uptown demi-monde, fingered by Alan Rosenberg for a portrait that her children and grandchildren will treasure forever.



THEIR EYES MET: Harry Evans look-alike Jackie Mason gazes deeply into the eyes of his new 100 percent polyester friend, aerobiceuse-chanteuse High Voltage (left). At Caffè Roma (below), leathery publicist Carmen d'Alessio proves that wearing a tight leather bustier is the best way to make men like Prince Dimitri of Yugoslavia take you seriously.



WHAT A DRAG IT IS GETTING OLD: Dr. Mathilde Krim discusses skirt lengths with a Scot impersonating John Lurie (right). Backstage at *La Cage aux Folles*, composer Jerry Herman and his "girls": (above, left to right) a Patrice Munsel impersonator, a Celeste Holm impersonator, a Liliane Montevecchi impersonator, a Lynn Redgrave impersonator, a Jane Powell impersonator, a Carol Channing impersonator and a Vivian Blaine impersonator.



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M.D. WITH SOUL: Twenty seven year old, handsome, native New Yorker seeks sensuous, intelligent woman with sense of humor. Photograph and note appreciated. SPY Box #15

TREASURE HUNT If you have a theatre ticket, an amusement park pass, restaurant matches, a map of Europe, ski lift ticket, car keys, you can win. What's the treasure? Me, of course. I'm a SWF, 36, with a yearning for romance and adventure. Enter the treasure hunt today. SPY Box #14

I SPY YOU SPY . . . SWF, 30, waggish but sometimes shy, likes dance, photo and E. Village. Seeks SM, tall, creative, humorous, 25-35 to rock the night away, munch at the movies, bike around town, etc. Photo apprec. SPY Box #18

QUIDA and JIMMY: Coral Beach or bust! Surf's up! Happy Anniversary!

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A plethora of birthday wishes Marc! Pretty fun to be with, at? Love M and the Cougars.

Swell woman, tragically over thirty, seeks funny, smart pal to share declining years. Considered attractive by perfectly normal people. Not depressed, not on a diet, won't tell you my dreams. SPY Box #16

SWF seeks witty Dostoevsky fan. Must love Mets and beer. SPY Box #20

Donald: showers in the summertime? Move to NYC and go on real dates. I'll bring (and even drink) a couple of beers.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY NATHAN—YOU OLE SACK of potatoes—hugs and kisses—the girls

Looking for a bright, witty, attractive, tough-cookie of a woman who keeps mind and body fit. I like Beethoven at Tanglewood, dancing to funk, *Miracle on 34th*, chocolate, and a good sweat. I'm 5'10", 165, attractive (promise), athletic, 26. Send note/phone/photo SPY Box #12

SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN lives a sexy 30 yr. old woman shackled to a desk & phone. So what if it's her own business? It's not a pretty sight. If you're a strong, secure man who'd like to show her a thing or two, please write and send photo before it's too late. SPY Box #11

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Page 18: Bettmann Newsphotos (Presley).

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Page 42: detail from *Molly Long Legs*, by George Stubbs, 1760-62 (Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, England); Frederic Lewis/NYC (man's head).

Page 45: Jim Smeal/Ron Galella (Travolta); Walter McBride/Retna Ltd. (Streisand, Streep); Fox courtesy of NBC.

Page 48: Frederic Lewis/NYC (fountain pen).

Pages 50-53: photographs, except yearbook and weights photographs, courtesy of Body by Jake Inc.

Page 54: Phototeque (Monroe, Russell, Welch).

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Page 61: Culver Pictures (opera); Frederic Lewis/NYC (ballet, poetry).

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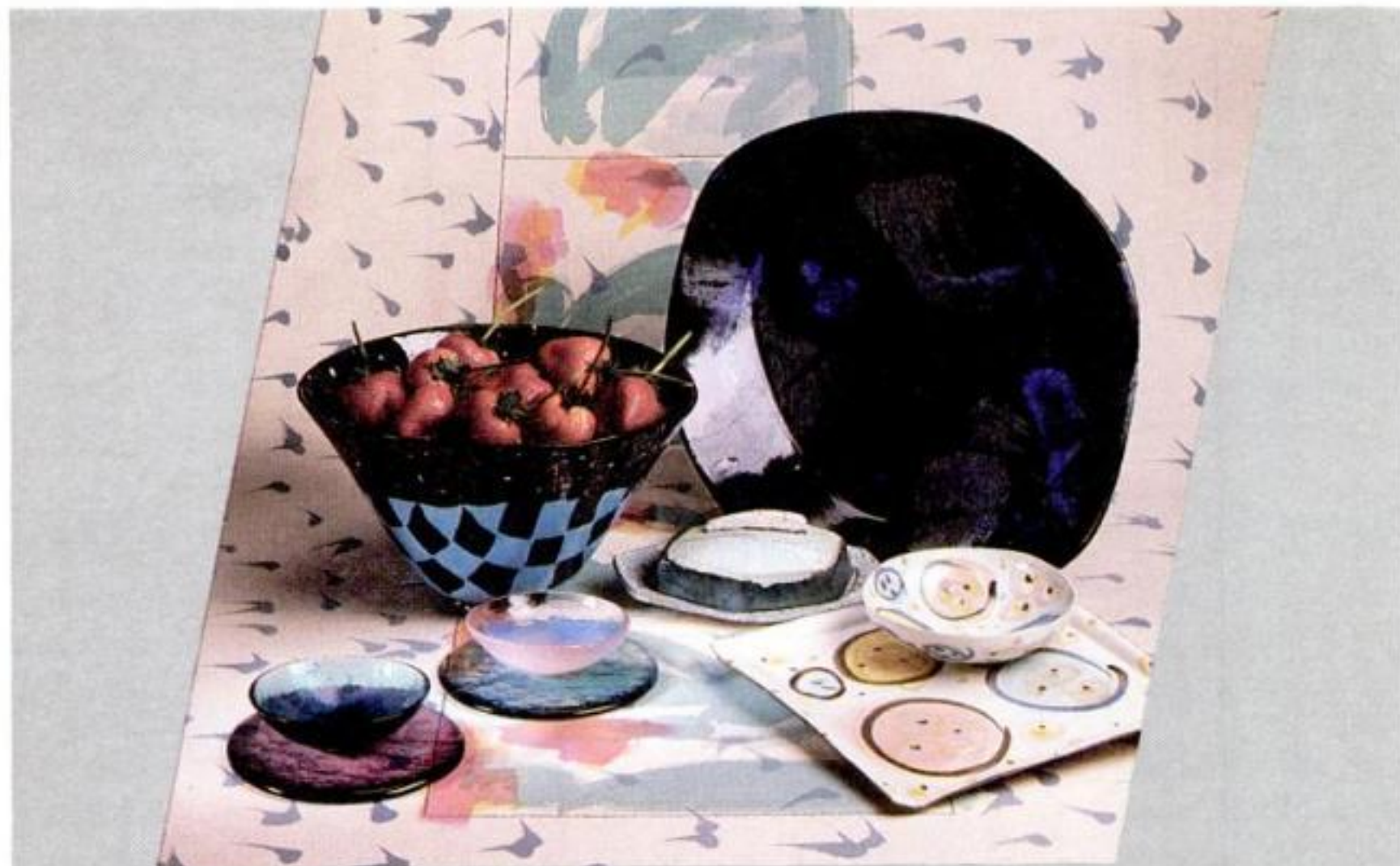
cally early. I found myself alone, back at the Jockey Club, at 2:30 a.m., with no one to talk to and nobody to look at except, honest to God, Lord Weidenfeld talking to a blond woman while using a calculator.

Having thus had an early and all too wholesome night, I felt in top form for Nell Campbell's little dinner for 20 the next evening. Keith McNally, his wife, Lynn Wagenknecht, and Nell are not only gracious, they also invite beautiful girls to dinner—and are therefore perfect hosts. I mention this because most New York dinners we read about these days are composed of elderly ladies such as Estée Lauder, Brooke Astor, Jerry Zipkin and Alecko Papamarkou, or of tough sharks such as Susan Gutfreund, Judy Taubman and Gayfryd Steinberg. A pretty young woman at an East Side dinner is as rare as an anorexic Arab arms dealer.

At Nell's, my neighbors were the beautiful Lynn Wagenknecht and the mysterious Miranda Guinness. Across from me sat plucky model Marla Hanson. I was in such fine spirits that night that I refrained from uttering a word against Ortega to his faithful enthusiast Bianca Jagger, who was the picture of quiet melancholy two seats away from me. Perhaps it was just as well. Having gone out with Christopher Dodd, the vainglorious, dopey senator from Connecticut, Bianca must feel pretty silly by now. She's a nice woman and a good friend, but she knows as much about politics and men as Teddy Kennedy knows about rescue at sea.

The trouble with wining and dining with the likes of Marla, Fawn and Nell (I've yet to run into Donna Rice) is that there is not a lot I can do for an encore. Watching the stretched faces emerge from their stretch limos outside Mortimer's can become extremely tedious, albeit funny, especially when Mercedes Kellogg, who once upon a time would share cabs with friends, has her limo pick her up from Mort's in order to deposit her back home at the Carlyle, *one block north and two blocks west*.

In London a few weeks later, the talk was of American naïveté. Gary Hart's philandering was no secret among people in the know—he had been making silly gestures to Diana Phipps, the Austrian-born, London-based widow of an American, for quite some time. None of this appeared in print because Hart was not



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running for office in Britain. The only one who seemed to mind was Diana's close friend, Clive James, the Australian-born lowlife and television critic.


And speaking of Dianas, the Princess of Wales comes to mind. It seems that recently, while her husband was trekking across the Kalahari and once again contemplating the meaning of it all, she went on a brief and extremely discreet visit to Hertfordshire, where she was entertained by the raffish Philip Dunne, a 28-year-old banker who works in the City. None of *this* appeared in print—just as nothing much has appeared about Terry Tydings, the ex-wife of former Maryland senator Joe Tydings and the Washington-based

woman who turned out to be Gary Hart's ultimate downfall.

The Princess of Wales is running for *something*—although I'm not quite sure what it is—and her private life is everybody's business. When Gary Hart was in the running for the Democratic nomination for the presidency, his personal life was our business. Now it's only boring. English politicians get into trouble only when they're caught with their pants down in public lavatories in the company of sailors or when they're fathering children out of wedlock while married to others. And yet the only Tory politician not womanizing these days is the prime minister. 3

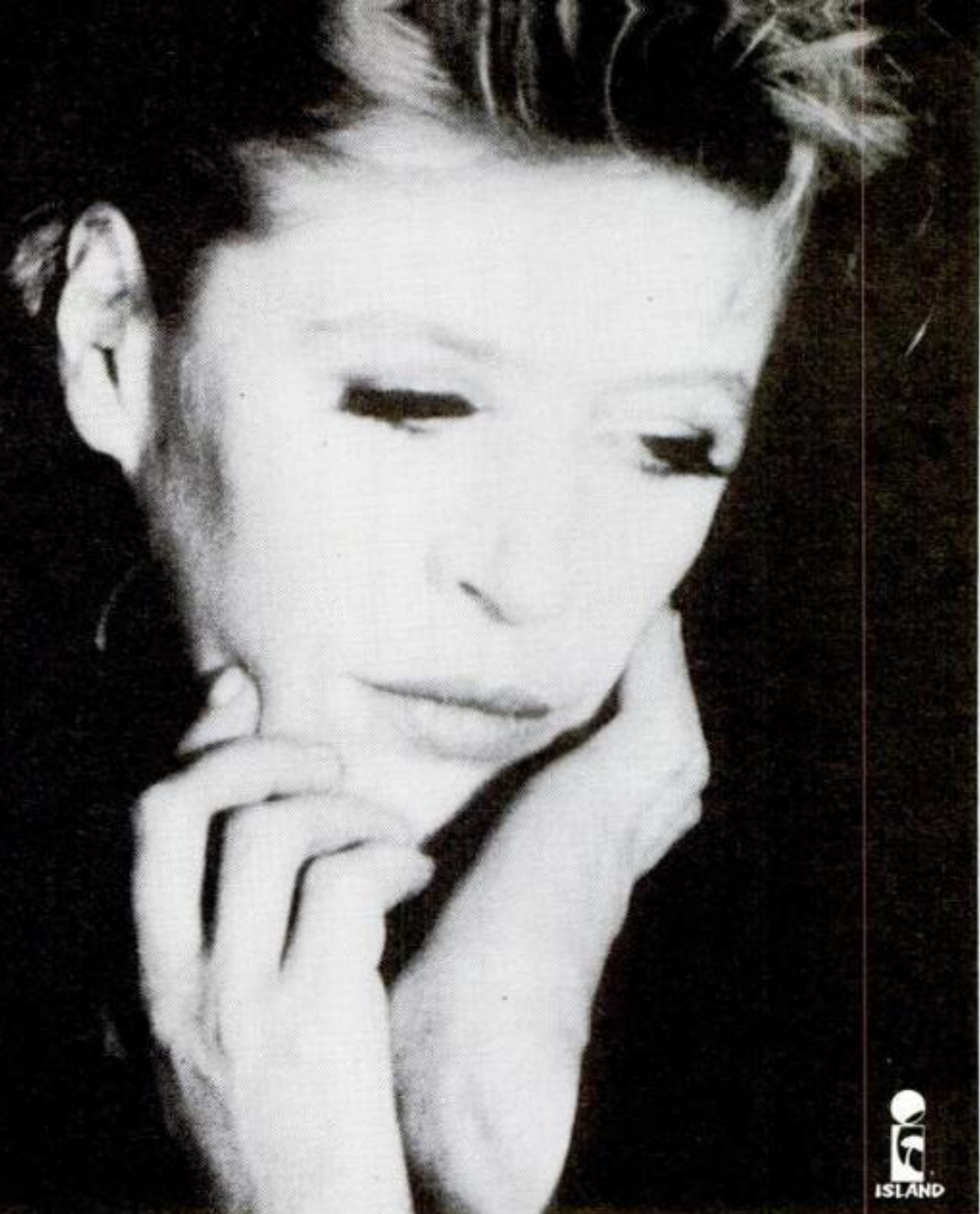
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STRANGE WEATHER the new album by Marianne Faithfull

UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

The hard truth is, I have recently been in Great Britain. As the person who has done most to wrench this kind of crossword puzzle away from deadly Colonel Blimperry, I expected to be received with no great outpourings of enthusiasm by John Bull, and indeed, was I! Few things could have been more pointed than the number of Britons, of all walks of life, who walked right past me, as if with no recognition whatever, on the Strand and at the ironmonger's whither I repaired to have my withers repaired and my monger ironed. "Ere, what's this, then?" fluted the mongress, without—they're a subtle people, though you'd never know it—anything that you could pin down as a single cross word.

If Albion does not want to talk puzzle, then far be it from me. Here's what I want to talk: cleriheiw. I learned during my visit to the Tight Little Isles that Private Eye, the British satiric journal, prints cleriheiw submitted by readers. I have always been partial to the cleriheiw, since, unlike the major Civil War novel, it does not take long.

E. Clerihew Bentley
Had little to do, evidently,
One evening and thus
Passed this on to us.

Was Diana Dors
Here without drawers
At our previous sessions,
Or was that just my impression?

Muammar Qaddafi
Never heard of the Mafi-
A, till reading one day
A life of JFK.

You will notice that neither of the figures mentioned in that third cleriheiw is English. I do not mean to suggest for one moment that I will devote fewer of my energies henceforward to the Un-British Crossword, but I will say this: the Un-British Clerihew does not take as long. As Sam Spade put it, "Come, Watson, the game is afoot." —R.B.

ACROSS

1. One phrase minced, or rearranged.
9. Need equals craving. *Le*, French for "the."
11. *Wee, N.*, i.e. As far as I know, this is the first time North and Bakker have been linked. All I have to say about the decline of these men's fortunes is this: who says there is no God?
12. A beam is a ray. *Senor* enfolding *I*. (In these puzzles, *I* and *I* are interchangeable.) Juniors abound, of course, in key American positions. Justice Lewis Powell Jr., Howard Baker Jr., Albert Gore Jr., new secretary of the Navy James Webb Jr., Alexander Haig Jr., Cal Ripken Jr. and *SPY* publisher Thomas L. Phillips Jr. But Sugar Ray Leonard had made a point of being a *senior*, posing frequently with his son, Ray Jr. "Son, your daddy was tough tonight," Daddy said to his son after outpointing Marvelous Marvin Hagler for the WBC middleweight championship. "You can go to school tomorrow with your head up." The day is going to come when Jr. says to Sr., "Daddy, grow up."
19. See 12 and 26.
25. *Norah* is a member of the so-called nobility backward, surrounded (appropriately enough, in my view) by *hole*. If I have implied that there is *no* judge in Queens who is honorable, then clearly I am slightly out of line.
28. *In* turned around. To *twit* is to taunt, as when Marvelous Marvin called Sugar Ray a sissy, after Sugar Ray made faces at Marvelous Marvin. I tell you what, though: it was a good fight.
29. A bar is a room where elbows are bent, or so I'm told.

DOWN

3. One of the many sobriquets of James Brown is Mr.

"Please Please Please."

5. A form of Royal Delta IOU L. 1. *Pub* is short for publication.

8. *Re Dec* case.

17. A, MP.

18. To dry dishes; dry as in wine.

23. American cleriheiw time:

*Jim and Tammy Bakker
Said, upon meeting their Maker,
'Oh, come on, now, Lord
At least You weren't bored.'*

24. Perhaps this is too cute. I don't know. It's been a long month

*It is now believed that El Greco
Had no cats or dogs, just a gecko—
Her name was Olivia,
If you're interested in trivia. 3*

1	E	2	A	3	R	4	P	5	H	6	O	7	N	8	E	9	S	10	D	11	I	12	R
	P		L		N		D		N		E		E		E		D		L		E		
13	O	14	P	15	H	16	E	17	L	18	I	19	A	20	I	21	S	22	L	23	O	24	D
	E		A		O		T		W		E		E		N		I		E				
25	R	26	A	27	S	28	E	29	N	30	I	31	O	32	R	33	G	34	T	35	C		
	L		E		S		R		Y		A		N		K		E		E				
36	X	37	S	38	G	39	A	40	I	41	D	42	T	43	N	44	A						
45	Y	46	O	47	U	48	A	49	R	50	E	51	M	52	A	53	R	54	V	55	E	56	L
	L		R		E		P		L		Y		D		W		E						
57	O	58	U	59	R	60	M	61	A	62	N	63	Y	64	T	65	B	66	E				
	P		O		S		H		O		N		O		R		A		B		L		E
67	H	68	A	69	G	70	L	71	E	72	R	73	U	74	M	75	K	76	D				
	O		A		P		F		A		T		A		N		K		L		E		S
77	N	78	I	79	T	80	W	81	I	82	T	83	L	84	T	85	E	86	C				
	E		E		T		E		L		B		O		W		R		O		O		M

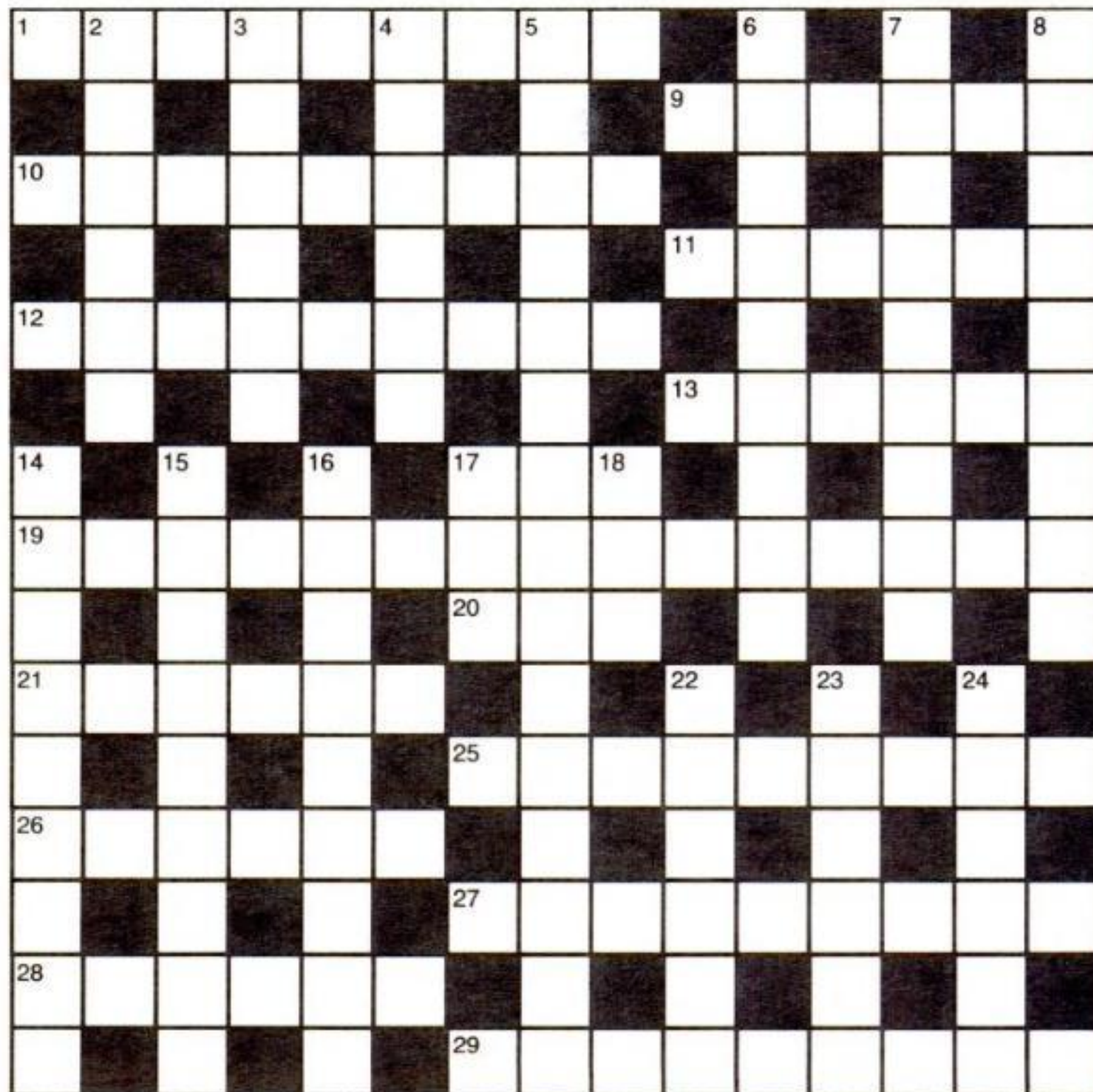
THE UN-BRITISH Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

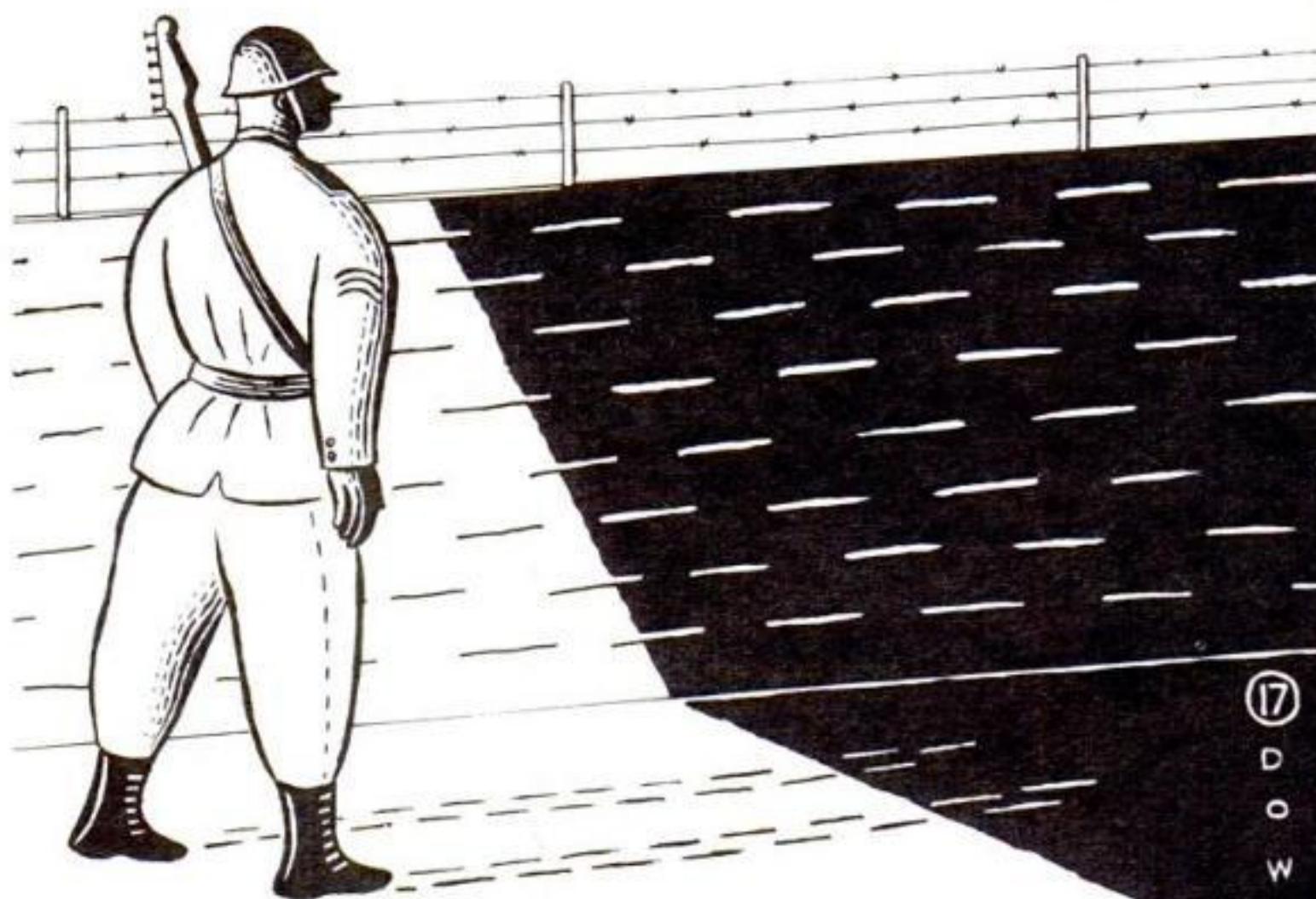
1. To mince one phrase, these put tune in you (9).
9. Prick craving the French (6).
10. Who's your girl, Hamlet? His answer is mad: "Sophie? Ali?" (7,2).
11. Small North, that is, 23, e.g. (we've always known he was one, now we know he has one) (6).
12. Beam, Mister Mexican, enfolding one Sugar in role of Dad (3,6).
13. One who's jerked, owned by one named George (6).
17. Help assistant without energy (3).
19. What 12 didn't say to 26, slightly misquoting Crystal (3,3,9).
20. Layer, and do so with drink (3).
21. "Secord, Secord, he's _____. If he can't do it, Poindexter can"—old contra cheer (3,3).
25. Backed into hole, noble judge outside Queens (9).
26. At home in ring—if he doubled his thousand, he would be in souk (6).
27. Lank, tangled, surrounded by destinies: two things that hold social climber back (3,6).
28. In turnaround, taunt boob (6).
29. Bar arms freedom? (9).

DOWN

2. Request very softly, each within rising note (6).
3. In 2s to the ear, James Brown is Mister Three of These (6).
4. In tightly knit spheres, chewing is no-no (6).
5. Royal Delta, IOU 50: one form of southern pub address (9, 3-3).
7. What Great Communicator said when asked who chopped cherry tree? You're asking me? (1,4,4).
8. After a month, relaxation is what you do after you're born again (9).
14. Lox, Hon? Yep! Could be arranged so you'd play a tune on it (9).
15. New kind of mom in court (9).
16. Hell under ancient place, sounds like, where they put gook on your underbody (6,3).
17. A soldier-cop magnifies rock 'n' roll (3).
18. To wipe is not sweet (3).
22. Atom explodes to form woman (vulgar) (6).
23. Tammy's love, the Lord's Jim, sounds like a pieman, did the Devil get him? (6).
24. The Spanish code scrambled—visionary painter's brother, the designer? (2,4).



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



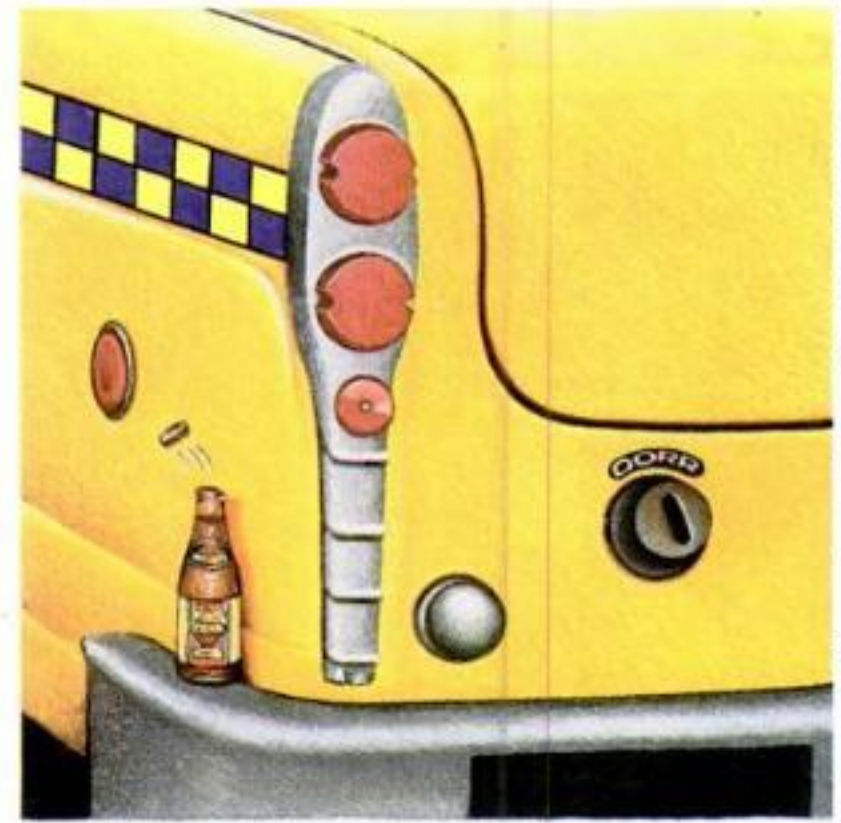
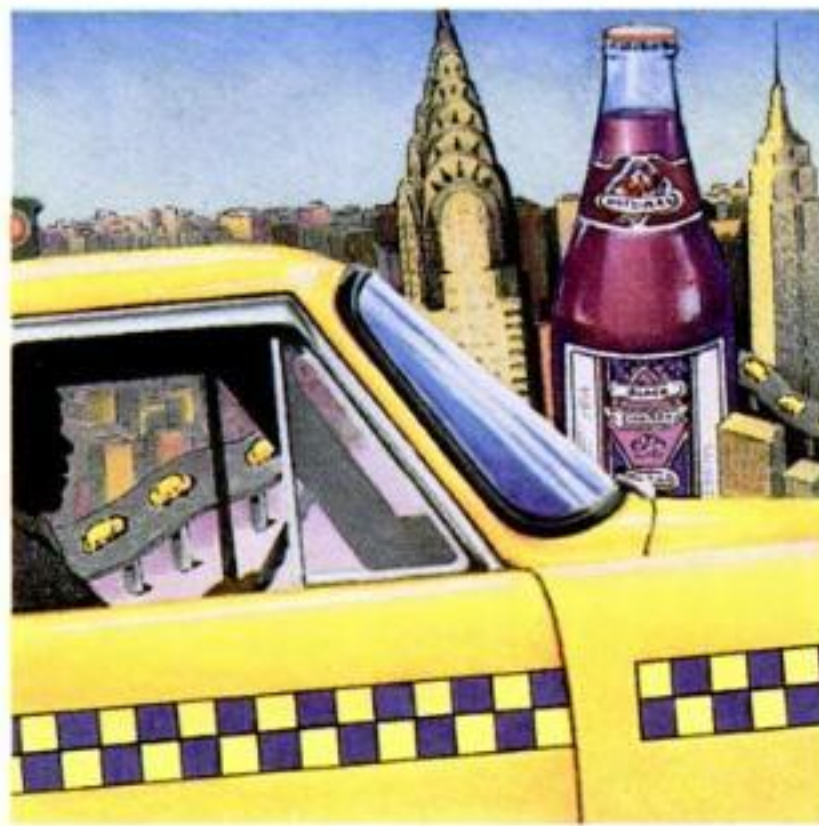
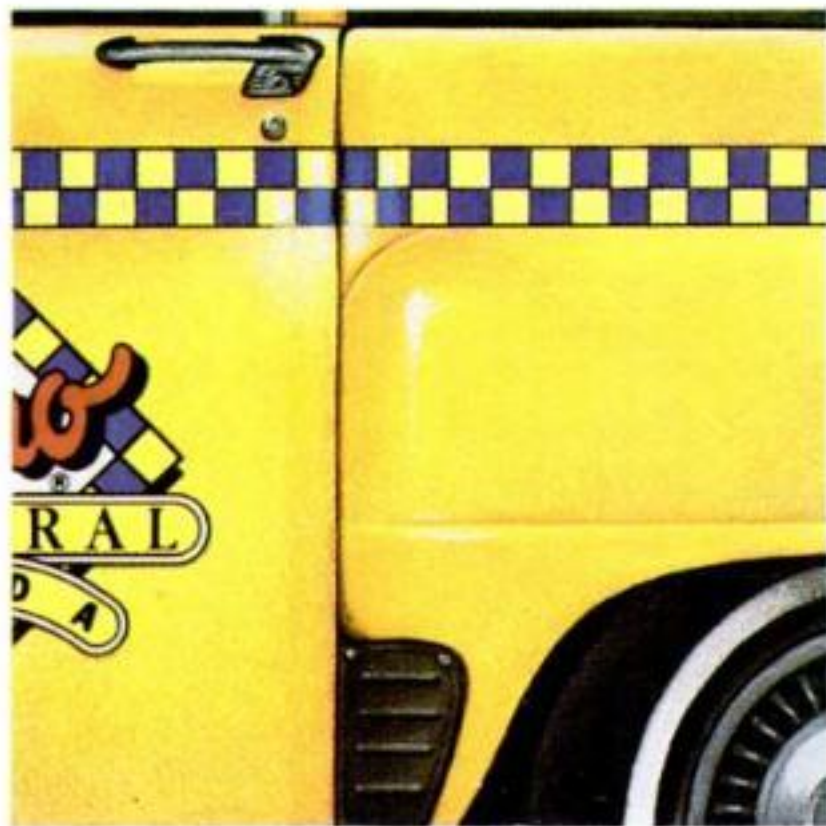
The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 79.

SOME PEOPLE THINK THAT ADDING THREE COFFEE BEANS
TO A GLASS OF SAMBUCA ROMANA BRINGS GOOD FORTUNE.
SOME PEOPLE THINK THAT A GLASS OF
SAMBUCA ROMANA IS GOOD FORTUNE ENOUGH.



SAMBUCA ROMANA
THE LEGENDARY LIQUEUR OF GOOD FORTUNE

SOHO NATURAL SODA



Cruisin' with Soho

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